

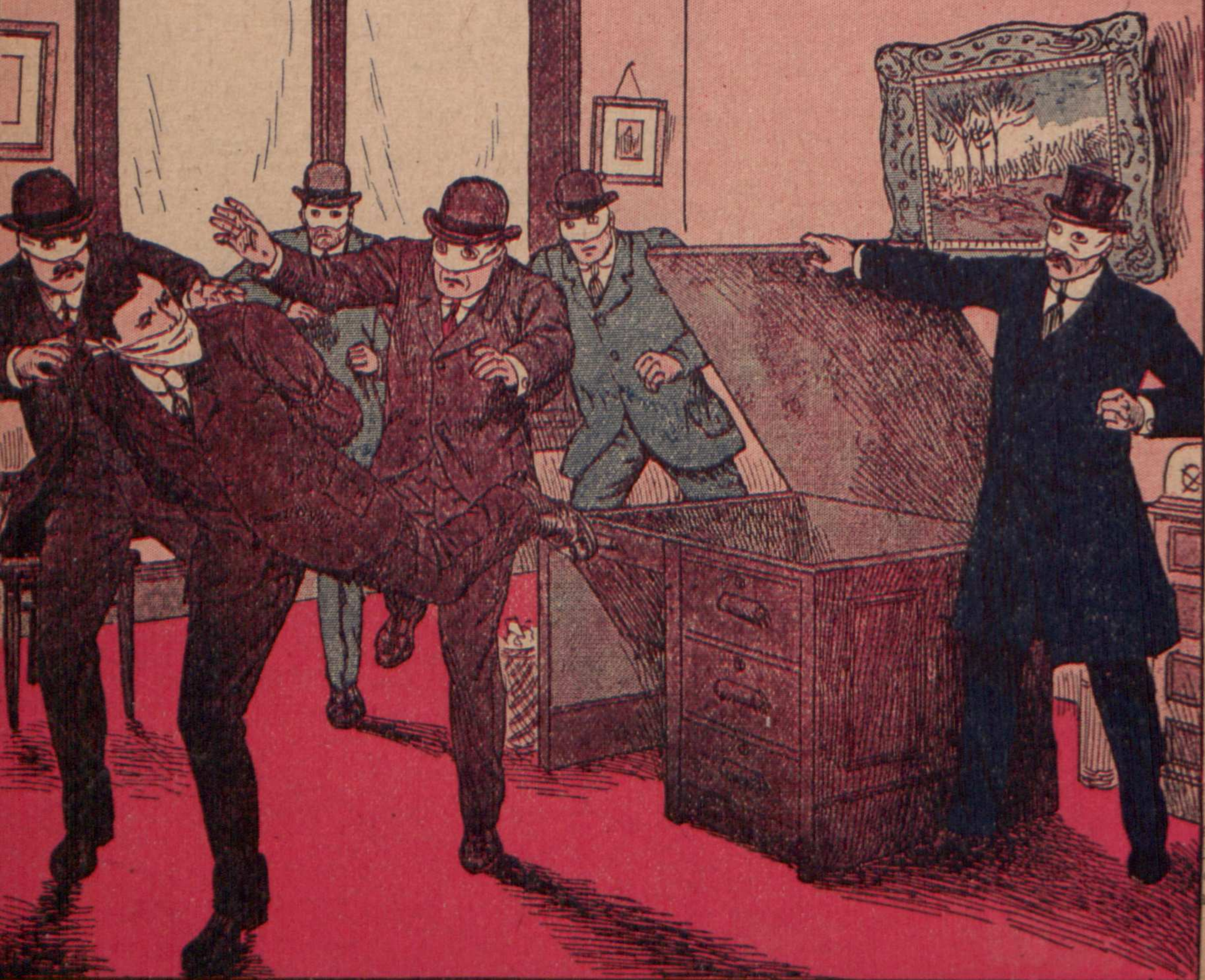
FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

DICK AND THE MAD BROKER OR THE SECRET BAND OF WALL STREET

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



"Into the desk with him!" cried the mad broker, lifting the cover to its full height. Dick had no desire to be imprisoned in such contracted quarters till Monday morning, so he made a sudden dash for the door.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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DICK AND THE MAD BROKER

Or, THE SECRET BAND OF WALL STREET

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—999 Blank Street.

"Say, Dick, do you know I don't fancy that boss of yours much," said Bob Skerritt, a Wall Street messenger, to his friend, Dick Rodney, in front of the Sub-Treasury Building one morning.

"Don't you?" replied Dick, with a queer smile.

"No, I don't," said Bob, in a decided tone. "I wouldn't work for him for any money."

"You wouldn't?"

"No, I wouldn't," said Bob, wagging his head in a positive way.

"What have you got against Mr. Harrup?"

"I don't like his face. I think he's queer."

"In what way?"

"I couldn't say what way, but I have an idea that he isn't straight goods."

"Do you mean to say that you think he isn't honest in business matters?"

"I won't say just what my real opinion on the subject is. I guess you won't say, either. I'll bet you know a whole lot more about him than you'd care to let out."

"You're dreaming, Bob. I've been working for him for about three months, and I don't know that I can say a word against him or his methods."

"Then you're satisfied with your job?"

"You haven't heard me kick about it, have you?"

"No; but you're not a kicker. And you're no fool, either. If there's anything wrong about Harrup you'll find it out. I'll bet you've got your suspicions even if you won't admit it."

"What makes you think so?"

"Your tone, and the way you've answered my questions gives me that impression."

"Well, I'll confess that Mr. Harrup isn't like the average run of brokers. He has his peculiarities. He is short and sharp in dealing with his employees, and a bit morose at times. He isn't just the kind of man that would be popular with the masses, for he isn't friendly in his manner at all. I have an idea that he has something on his mind all the time. He acts very like it. When a man is bothered with some mental trouble, you can't expect him to look very pleasant."

"Have you heard the clerks speak about him? They've all been with him since he came from Chicago and started up here a year ago."

"I haven't heard them mention his name except in connection with business."

"How do you get on with the bunch?"

"Oh, well enough."

"What sort of stenographer have you?"

"She's a nice little girl."

"You never heard her say anything about Harrup, I suppose?"

"Not a word."

"Well, I've got to get on," said Bob abruptly. "Good-by."

Dick continued on his way in the opposite direction. He entered the portals of a big office building, took the first elevator going up, and got out at the third floor. He marched down the corridor to a door marked 313, on which was inscribed the name of Albert Harrup, whose business was given as "Stocks and Bonds."

In a word, Mr. Harrup was a stock broker, and Dick Rodney was his messenger and office boy. Harrup was a dark-featured man of saturnine aspect, of average height and build, and always dressed in good taste. He was sharp and to the point with employees and customers alike. He never spoke an unnecessary word, nor wasted an atom of time on business matters. Dick reported his return to the cashier and that individual told him that Mr. Harrup wanted to see him in his private room. Dick knocked on the door and was told to enter. He walked in.

"Rodney," said Harrup.

"Yes, sir," replied Dick.

"You live in Brooklyn, I believe?"

"I do."

"What part of Brooklyn?"

"Flatbush."

"Telegraph your folks that you will be detained at the office until late. The cashier will hand you a dollar. The difference will pay for your supper. That is all."

Dick was taken by surprise. It was an unusual circumstance for Mr. Harrup to remain in his office after four, even when business was rushing, and it was rather slack at present.

However, orders were orders, and so he asked the cashier for a dollar, and rushed out to the nearest Western Union office to send the message to his mother. Ten words sufficed and the dispatch cost him a quarter. That left seventy-five cents for his supper. As he didn't propose to pay more than twenty-five cents, there was a rake-off of fifty cents in it for him. Well, everything counted, although he was worth \$500, which he had made through several small speculations in the stock market that had turned out lucky for him. It was nearly four when Mr. Harrup called him into the office, handed him a fair-sized package, and directed him to take it to a certain address on the outskirts of Jersey City.

"I suppose I'm to bring you back an answer or a receipt, sir?"

"You will bring me back a package which will be handed to you in exchange for that one. Bring it to my apartments on Park avenue. There is the number. Ring the bell and tell the hall porter that you have called to see me. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all. The sooner you perform your errand, the sooner you will get home."

Dick got a quarter-for expenses from the cashier and started for the ferry. Reaching the Cortlandt street ferry, he crossed the river and boarded a trolley car that ran in the direction of his destination. He asked the conductor how near the car would take him to the address on the package.

"I couldn't tell you," replied the man. "That street runs parallel with the river, and is not much built up, but in daylight you ought to find the house easily enough."

"It's a cold day when I can't find a place with a number to it," said Dick.

The car passed the end of the street in question and Dick got off. There were so few houses upon it that the young messenger wondered how any of them came to be numbered, except probably at the whim of the owner. There were six houses on the first block and none of these had a number. In the second block there were four houses, all of them without a number. The third block had three dwellings that looked as if they had been there for many years. Only one of them appeared to be occupied.

The next two blocks hadn't a house at all, nor any sidewalk or curbing. In fact, the narrow path of slabs that did duty for a sidewalk ceased at the end of the third block. The streets were cut through and the lamp posts were in place, but that was all. Finally he met a workingman coming along and he stopped him.

"I'm looking for No. 999 on this street. Have you any idea where that house is?"

"There's a big house beyond that cut. That might be the place you're looking for. It's the only house for some distance along this street," replied the man.

The cut in question was where the street had been excavated through a rocky elevation. Dick thanked him for the uncertain information and went on. As soon as he passed the end of the cut he saw the house before him. It stood some distance back from the line of the street. There wasn't a fence of any kind to mark the boundaries of the property. A roughly worn path made by the wheels of vehicles led up to the front door. Dick marched up to the front door and pulled an old-fashioned bell handle. He heard the bell jangle at the end of the hall. The sound had hardly ceased when something white flashed close to the boy's head and struck the ground with a light thud.

Dick was a bit startled and looked up to see whence the missile came. He saw a hand withdrawn through the bottom of a window on the top floor. Then he looked at the missile. It was the knob of a door with a piece of paper tied around it. He picked it up and examined it. On the outside of the paper was the word, in large, printed letters: "Read."

Dick slipped the paper off the knob and was about to open it when he heard some one unbolt- ing the door, so he dropped it into his side pocket.

In another moment the door was opened on a chain and a rough-looking man in his shirt-sleeves asked him curtly what he wanted.

CHAPTER II.—The Note with the Word "Read."

"I've brought a package for Mr. Penley."

"Who sent it?"

"Broker Harrup, of No. — Wall street," replied Dick.

"Give it to me."

"No; my directions are to hand it to Mr. Penley in person, and get another package for it."

"Are you employed by Broker Harrup?"

"Yes."

"What's your name?"

"Richard Rodney."

"Wait there and I will tell Mr. Penley that you have come to see him."

The door closed and Dick heard the man's footsteps moving away on the uncarpeted hall. Then he recollected the piece of paper with the word "Read" on it, and he took it out of his pocket. A sound at one of the windows of the ground floor attracted his attention, and he looked toward it. He saw a pair of eyes taking him in through the opening in the shutters. The eyes immediately vanished and in a moment or two he heard steps coming to the door again.

He shoved the paper back into his pocket just as the door was opened without the chain attachment, and he was told to walk in by the same man who had answered his ring. He found himself in the presence of a square-built man of forty, attired in a business suit of good material, who was standing in the middle of the room, smoking a cigar. The room was wrapped in a deep twilight by reason of the closed-in blinds, and was meagerly furnished with a well-worn carpet and several old-style chairs, with a center table to match. The walls were bare of pictures, but owing to the gloom of the apartment this circumstance was not specially noticeable.

"Well," said the man, "you come from Broker Harrup?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're his messenger?"

"I am."

"You brought a package for me?"

"If you are Mr. Penley, I did."

"My name is Penley. Where is it?"

"Here it is."

Dick took the package out of an inside pocket and handed it to the man. He threw it on the table, took a similar kind of package out of his own pocket and handed it to Dick.

"See that you don't lose that," he said sharply.

"I won't lose it. I have carried thousands of dollars' worth of securities around Wall Street and have never lost anything yet," replied the boy.

"Yes, I guess Harrup must have perfect confidence in you or he wouldn't have sent you out here with that package, though the one I am intrusting to you is the more valuable one of the two. That is all. Michael, show him out. Here, young man, is a dollar for you to treat yourself with."

Dick never refused a present, particular in the

way of money, so he took the bill, thanked Penley, and presently found himself outside the door again. His watch showed him that it was close on to six. His errand had taken him much longer than he had expected it would.

It would probably be seven before he reached the City Hall station of the Third Avenue elevated road, and he judged that it would take all of three-quarters of an hour for him to reach Mr. Harrup's bachelor apartments. At a quarter to eight he rang the bell at the Cheshire Arms, which was the name of the apartment house where Broker Harrup lived. No one but a tenant could walk into the building without calling on the hall porter, who ran the elevator, for the entrance was closed by a grilled iron gate, which was always kept locked. The porter appeared and asked him his business.

"I called to see Mr. Harrup," replied Dick.

"You're his messenger, eh?" said the porter, who had been told by the broker that Dick would appear before seven and eight that evening.

"I'm that useful individual," returned the boy.

The porter took him up to the top floor in the elevator and pointed to a door close by.

"Push the button," he said.

Dick pushed it and his employer came to the door.

"Come in," he said, and he led Dick into his reception room. "You found the house without difficulty?"

"Yes, sir, and I saw Mr. Penley. He gave me this package and I gave him the other one."

"Did you have your supper?"

"Not yet, sir. I thought I had better deliver that package first."

"Take these notes to the addresses on them, get your supper, and then come back here," said the broker.

Dick was disappointed. He had expected to go right home. Now it was a matter of uncertainty when he would get off duty. He took the notes, six of them, and the broker let him out into the landing. He pushed the button at the elevator cage and the porter came up.

"I'll be back again in about an hour," Dick told the man.

The addresses he visited were all fine houses. In two instances he was told to carry the notes to a certain club. In another, to a certain Broadway theater. In the latter instance he went to the box office.

"I have an important note here for a gentleman named Wilson who is somewhere in the auditorium. What chance is there of locating him?" he asked the box clerk.

The young man looked at a paper he had within reach.

"What's his first name?"

"Schuyler," replied Dick.

"I've got his seat number here. Give me the note and I'll send it in to him."

"My orders are to deliver it to him personally. Send an usher in with word that a messenger from Mr. Harrup is waiting in the foyer to see him."

The box clerk handed Dick the number of Wilson's seat.

"Tell the doorkeeper to call one of the orchestra ushers and give him your message, with the number of the seat," he said.

Dick followed directions, and in a few minutes a gentleman attired in a dress-suit made his appearance.

"I am Mr. Wilson," he said.

"Here's Mr. Harrup's note," replied Dick.

Wilson tore it open and read it.

"Tell Mr. Harrup I will be on hand about eleven," he said.

"All right, sir," replied the young messenger.

Wilson returned to his seat and Dick, having delivered his final note, started to find a restaurant. He had no difficulty in finding one close by, entered, and ordered a substantial supper, for he was very hungry by this time. He had to wait for it to be cooked to his order, and so he picked up a newspaper that he saw lying on the table. As he started to read the news on the first page, he remembered the paper with the word "Read" on it, which had been tossed at his feet from the top-story window of the house, No. 999 Blank street, where he had carried the package. Full of curiosity concerning what it contained, he pulled it out of his pocket and, opening it, read as follows:

"I am being held a prisoner in this house by agents of the Secret Band of Wall Street, with the identity of the members of which I am, unfortunately, ignorant. Turn this note over to the Jersey City police, or take it to my house, No. — Fifth avenue; give it to my daughter, and tell her under what circumstances it came into your possession. Ask for any reasonable remuneration for your trouble. GEORGE PUTNAM."

CHAPTER III.—The Private Gambling House.

To say that Dick was astonished by the contents of the note would be putting it mildly. He remembered reading in the papers ten days before of the mysterious disappearance of a big Wall Street operator, named George Putnam. The police had been notified and were looking for him, but up to that time had found no trace of him. A gentleman had called at his house one evening in an automobile, and he went away in the vehicle of his own free will. That was the last that had been heard of him for ten days. The police were unable to trace the auto, for its number was unknown. What staggered Dick was the fact that the missing George Putnam was apparently a prisoner in the house to which he had carried the package from Broker Harrup.

If Penley was connected with this band, how was it that Mr. Harrup had dealings with him? Of course, it was quite possible that Harrup had no suspicions that Penley wasn't anything but an honest man. While the young messenger was figuring on the matter, his supper was brought by the waiter and he proceeded to eat it with an appetite sharpened by an unusually long fast. When he reached the dessert stage he began to consider what he ought to do about the note. He concluded that it was his duty to call at George Putnam's Fifth avenue residence and interview Miss Putnam. She knew her father's handwriting and would be able to say if the note really came from him, as it seemed probable that it did. She could then take action to secure her father's

rescue from the house on Blank street. Dick looked at the clock and saw that it was coming on to ten o'clock. The question was, could he take the time necessary to call on Miss Putnam before he returned to the Cheshire Arms? He had his doubts about it. If Mr. Hardup was waiting for him to dispatch on another errand, which might be an important one, Dick knew better than to delay his movements. So he decided that he had better go back to his boss and report.

"Well," said Harrup sharply, when he reappeared at his apartment, "you delivered all the letters to the parties in person, did you?"

"Yes, sir. I had to go to the Empire Theater to catch Mr. Wilson. He told me to tell you he would be on hand about eleven," replied Dick.

"You got your supper, I suppose?"

"I did."

Broker Harrup looked at his watch. He walked over to his desk and picked up another note.

"Rodney!"

"Yes, sir."

"Take this to No. — West 44th street. I may as well let you know in advance that it's a private gaming house, frequented only by people of wealth. You will inquire of the doorkeeper if Captain Gannon is there. If he is, I want you to deliver this note, as you did the others, to the captain in person. To get into the house it will be necessary for you to present this other note to the reception room on the ground floor, where you will ask an attendant to find Captain Gannon and bring him to you. Understand?"

"I understand, sir."

"As soon as you've done that errand you can go home."

Dick was glad to hear that and started off in good spirits. It was quarter of eleven when he rang the bell at the entrance of No. — West 44th street. Suddenly a large, frosted electric globe in the ceiling was lit up, and a small panel in the door shot back. The opening was filled with the upper half of a man's face.

"What do you want, young man?" asked a voice.

"I want to know if Captain Gannon is in the house," replied Dick.

"Captain Gannon!" repeated the man. "Yes, I believe he is."

"I've brought a note for him."

"Very well, hand it through the wicket."

"My orders are to deliver it to him in person."

"You'll have to wait there, then, till I send for Captain Gannon."

"Here's a note that I was instructed to hand you to read," said Dick, pushing it through the wicket.

The doorkeeper took it, opened and read it. In a few moments the inner door was opened noiselessly and Dick was told to enter.

"Follow me," said the doorkeeper.

The man, who was dressed in evening clothes, and outwardly looked the gentleman, conducted the young messenger to an elegantly furnished and brilliantly lighted room off the decorated hall.

"Sit down, young man. John," he added to an attendant, also in evening clothes, "go upstairs and find Captain Gannon. Tell him a young man is waiting in the reception room with a note which he was told to deliver personally."

"Tell him the note is from Mr. Harrup," put in Dick.

The attendant departed. A quarter of an hour elapsed and Dick wondered if the captain was going to make him wait his pleasure. Then the attendant returned and announced that Captain Gannon would make his appearance presently. Ten minutes more passed away and a fine-looking man in a dress suit walked into the room. The attendant stepped forward and pointed out Dick to him, though that was hardly necessary, as the young messenger was the only visitor waiting there.

"You wish to see me, young man?" said Captain Gannon, his sharp black eyes taking the boy in from head to foot.

"You are Captain Gannon?" asked Dick.

"That is my name."

"I've brought you a note from Mr. Harrup."

"Ah, indeed! I will take it," said the captain, suddenly becoming gracious.

Captain Gannon opened the note and read it.

"Young man," he said, "I shall have to detain you a few minutes. I want you to take a note back to Mr. Harrup."

Dick bowed and the captain left the room. The attendant had, in the meantime, disappeared, and Dick was left alone.

"So this is a private gambling house," he mused. "It is a pretty swell place. I suppose only the nobs come here, and they play for large sums. I wish I could get a glimpse at the room where the games are going on."

Thinking that perhaps the rooms were on the next floor, he decided to slip up there while the captain was writing his note. So he slipped out into the wide hall, with its polished marble floor and expensive rugs, not to speak of the valuable paintings along the walls. The stairs were close at hand, and Dick's feet sank in the heavy Axminster carpet which marked a pathway up the center of them. He reached the floor above and found himself on a wide landing, with two open and two closed doors opening off it.

There was no one in sight. Another flight of carpeted stairs connected with the floor above. The rooms where sundry games of chance were going on at that moment were above. It was early yet and few patrons were present. An hour later they would begin to drop in. Dick looked in at the nearest door and saw a small ante-room elegantly furnished. It was a lounging room for patrons.

At present no one was in it. Dick advanced into the room, feeling rather nervous over the outcome of his temerity in venturing on forbidden ground. He heard a murmur of conversation proceeding from an alcove, and saw the gleam of electric light through the folds of a curtain.

There was another door at the other end of the room and Dick was advancing toward it when he heard two or three persons come into the outer lounging room. Apparently they were coming into this room, too, and the boy, obeying a sudden impulse, darted into the alcove nearest the lighted one, and stood there, hoping the newcomers would pass on. Three men came into the smoking and lounging room, all in full dress, and, producing cigars, they lighted them and continued their conversation. The topic was the probability of an immediate rise in A. & C., which

showed that they had some connection with Wall Street, one of them assuring his companions that he had the tip direct from a well-known operator, whose name he did not mention, that a syndicate with a raft of money was behind the stock. The outcome of the talk was that the other two said they would get in on the good thing in the morning.

"Well, let's get upstairs and see what we can do with the tiger," said the man who claimed to have the tip on A. & C.

The three gentlemen, with one accord, sauntered from the room. While Dick waited for them to get out of range, his sharp ears heard the name of George Putnam mentioned by one of the occupants of the next alcove. In a moment he was all attention, eager to learn what they were saying about the missing operator.

CHAPTER IV.—Dick Buys A. & C.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, Captain Gannon," said the voice of Mr. Penley, "so I had Putnam removed to the yacht and taken away."

"Then you suspect that he dropped a message to Harrup's boy?" said the captain.

"I more than suspect it. I'm certain that he did. I saw the boy pick something off the ground and detach a paper from it. He was about to look at it when our man Michael went to the door to admit him, and then he hastily put it in his pocket. I would have given something to have got possession of the paper, but did not deem it wise to show any interest in it. After he left I sent Michael outside to look for the object which had been dropped, and he brought me the knob of a door. On investigation I found that the inside knob of Putnam's door was missing. I think that is evidence enough to show that I was right in my opinion that our prisoner did manage to convey a message to that boy," said Penley.

"I agree with you. You did perfectly right to remove Putnam, for if Harrup's messenger, who looks like a smart young fellow, should hand that paper to the police, with the statement of how it came into his possession, the house is certain to be visited by the officers of the law," said Captain Gannon.

"Let them call. We are now prepared to welcome them. They may search the building from the cellar to the garret and they will find not the slightest sign of Putnam on the premises, nor any indication that he ever was there."

"Good! We made no mistake in placing you in charge of the prisoner. We are playing a desperate game and we can't be too cautious."

"Well, I'm going over to see Harrup and report," said Penley.

"Do so. Tell him I'll be over in an hour myself. I must dismiss the boy, who is downstairs in the reception room. I intended to send a note by him, but it is unnecessary now."

When Dick heard the captain say that, he concluded that it would be wise for him to get back to the room below, or he probably would find himself in hot water. Looking out and noting that the coast was clear, he made a break for the

landing, ran down the stairs and re-entered the room. He was just in time to avoid meeting the attendant, who piloted the boy to the outer portal, and the doorkeeper let him out into the night. Dick looked at his watch under the electric lamp, saw it was just midnight, and started off to take an elevated train downtown to the Brooklyn Bridge. All the way home he thought over the astonishing discoveries he had made that evening, and tried to decide what action he ought to take in the matter. He was now satisfied of the existence of a secret band of conspirators in Wall Street, and that he had spotted at least two of them—his boss and Captain Gannon. There was no doubt in his mind that George Putnam was their victim, and that their purpose was to extort something from him—money or valuable information. It placed him in a rather difficult position to know that his employer was one of this rascally combine. Although Dick was a mighty plucky boy, still he had to confess that he feared Mr. Harrup.

Dick felt that he was in a grave quandary, and he didn't know what he had best do. Then his thoughts recurred to the pointer on A. & C. stock he had got hold of in the gaming house. Here was a chance for him to double his \$500, and he determined to take advantage of it. By the time he got home he had decided that the best thing he could do was to hand the note to Mr. Harrup and tell him frankly how it came into his possession. He would then ask the broker what he thought about it, and leave it to him to take action, which, of course, he wouldn't.

Dick believed that would restore Mr. Harrup's confidence in him and prevent him thinking that he (Dick) had any suspicions in the case. Then Dick determined to work on the quiet to gain some real information concerning the Secret Band of Wall Street, and try his best as well to get a clue to the new place of detention Mr. Putnam had been taken to. Dick turned up at the office at his usual time in the morning. Mr. Harrup appeared somewhat ahead of his customary time. As soon as he entered his office, Dick went in, as usual, when he was around, to help him off with his overcoat. He thought that the broker regarded him with an unfavorable look, and was not surprised thereat. Fearing that Harrup would start the ball rolling at once, he determined to have the first word. Accordingly, he told the broker that he wanted to speak to him.

"What do you want to say?" asked Harrup sharply.

Dick at once told him all about the incident of the message flung from the window of the house at No. 999 Blank street.

"Here it is. Read it for yourself and see what you think about it. I didn't want to deliver it at the police station, or at the presumed residence of the writer. It might be a fake, for all I know, as it doesn't seem likely that George Putnam, who has been missing for ten days or so, is being held a prisoner in the house of the gentleman to whom I carried the package for you," he said.

Harrup read the note and then looked at his messenger.

"Why didn't you tell me about this last night?" he asked.

"Because I forgot all about the paper until I went to the restaurant for supper. Then when I

returned to your rooms you sent me off right away with that letter to Captain Gannon, so I didn't have the chance to tell you," replied Dick.

His explanation was very reasonable, and it appeared to impress the broker that way.

"All right," he said curtly. "I will see Mr. Penley about this. You did quite right to bring the paper to me. The chances are it was a practical joke."

So Dick went back to his post outside, congratulating himself that he had got out of a ticklish predicament, and in a few minutes was sent out by the cashier. His \$500 was in an envelope in the safe, and the second errand he went on he carried the money with him. Before he returned to the office he ran up to the little bank on Nassau street and bought 50 shares of A. & C. stock on margin, at 90. He had hardly got back when Captain Gannon walked into the office, attired in a smart business suit and overcoat, with a boutonniere in the lapel. He looked hard at the young messenger.

"Is Mr. Harrup in?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Disengaged?"

"He is. I'll tell him you are here."

Dick went into the private room and announced the name of the caller.

"Send him in," said Harrup.

Dick did so and closed the door behind the captain. Before Captain Gannon left, Dick was sent out again, and on his way back he saw the distinguished-looking captain crossing over toward Broad street. Dick was kept fairly busy that day, and when the Exchange closed he saw that A. & C. had gone up half a point.

CHAPTER V.—The Cipher that Puzzled Dick.

Several days passed, during which A. & C. went up to 92, and Dick puzzled his brains as to how he was going to find out anything about the Secret Band of Wall Street. He knew that Mr. Harrup and Gannon were members of it, and believed that Schuyler Wilson and the other gentlemen to whom he had delivered the notes on the night of the day he visited Jersey City, were members of it, too; but that was as far as he seemed likely to get in the matter, from present indications.

One morning, just after Dick reached the office, a Western Union messenger brought in a telegram addressed to Mr. Harrup. Dick signed for it and took it into the private room. As he put it down on the flap of the broker's desk he noticed that it was hardly sealed. On the impulse of the moment he took out the inclosure and looked at it. Under ordinary circumstances this was the last thing Dick would have been guilty of, but being on the trail of a band of men who were engaged in no good work, in his opinion, he felt that it was fair to take advantage of everything that came his way.

He was disappointed by the contents of the telegram, for it was merely a collection of words that had no intelligible connection, as far as he could see, with one another. The only thing he could make out was the fact that it came from College Point, and the signature of the writer,

which was John Penley. The message might have been written in Greek, for all he could understand of it; nevertheless, he was sure it contained information concerning George Putnam, because of the letters G and P close together, which appeared in the body of the message. Well, it couldn't be helped. It was further evidence of the care with which the band masked their business. So he sealed it up and left it on the desk. As soon as Harrup came in, he rang for Dick.

"When did this telegram arrive?" he asked.

"About the time I did—nine o'clock."

"That's all," replied the broker, dismissing him. All that day Harrup's manner seemed peculiar. He frequently rang for Dick, and when the boy answered his summons he told him he didn't want him. Dick noticed a queer expression in his eyes, and wondered what was the matter with his boss.

"If I didn't know him pretty well, I'd say he was off his base," thought the boy, after one of his fruitless visits to Harrup's room in answer to the bell. "It must have been something in that telegram that has set him off. It can't be that Mr. Putnam has made his escape! If he has the fact will be in the afternoon newspapers."

Then it occurred to Dick that on three other occasions, at about equal intervals, Harrup had looked and acted as he did now. Two days afterward A. & C. got quite active and went to 96. Next day it began a regular boom and went to par before noon. At two o'clock it was ruling at 105 and a fraction. Dick thought he wouldn't take any more chances with it, and he went to the little bank and ordered his shares sold. It was done in about fifteen minutes, and when the bank settled with him he found himself \$750 better off.

"That was a lucky visit I paid to the gaming-house. If I hadn't gone there I wouldn't have annexed that tip, and without the tip I wouldn't have bought A. & C. And if I hadn't made the deal I wouldn't be worth \$1,200 to-day," he told himself.

He put the money in an envelope, addressed to himself and asked the cashier to put it in a corner of his big safe. That afternoon, while Mr. Harrup was out, Dick carried some letters into his room which had been left by the postman. An accidental glance into the waste basket disclosed to the boy a letter written with detached words, similar to the telegram and which had fallen into it off the desk. He picked it out and looked at it. It had come by mail and was signed by John Penley.

"I guess I'll keep this and try my hand at trying to decipher it. By patient effort I may find the key to the system used and then I'll be in possession of a valuable bit of information. Given time enough, I may yet run down this Secret Band of Wall Street," said Dick to himself.

That evening, after supper, he sat down in his room to begin the study of the cipher message. Dick had read stories in which cipher messages had been used, and the gradual steps taken by the hero, or some other interested person, to discover their hidden meaning, had been duly set forth, until the searcher finally arrived at a successful termination of his puzzling labors. This cipher, however, was not worked on lines corresponding with the story ciphers. The message on the papers, as we have remarked, consisted of detached words, just the same as ordinary writ-

ing, but the words had apparently no connection with one another. At any rate, there was no sense in their arrangement on the paper, at least so far as one not in the secret was concerned.

Dick's first idea was that the words had been written backward, though such a plan was altogether too easy a scheme to be adopted by a person who intended to hide the meaning of an important message. However, Dick tried to read the words backward and discovered that he was on the wrong track. Then he figured on the possibility of the words of the message being mixed up on some fixed principle, but this idea didn't work out, either. He spent two hours, without result, trying to discover the key that governed this odd kind of cipher, then he gave it up for the present and went to bed. As he lay thinking about it he came to the conclusion that the originator of this cipher might have adopted a new arrangement of the letters of the English alphabet by transposing them. That is, when A was used in the cipher it did not stand for that letter, but for some other one, and the same applied to all the other letters.

Thus, KIO might mean "the" or "and." That scheme has been used, but it was a poor one, since a clever person, trying to fathom it, would first of all look for and count the letter oftenest used and would at once decide that that letter stood for E. To verify this, he would compare that letter with the end one of words having three letters. Should they correspond, he would decide that the word in question was THE, and if he was on the right track he would thus have discovered three letters of the new alphabet. A little patience and perseverance would soon unravel the whole of the alphabet used in the cipher, and the reading of the message would be easy. On the following evening Dick tackled the cipher on that supposition, but it would not work.

He found that the letter oftenest used was E itself, so he was all at sea once more. He puzzled his brain over the cipher for another two hours, and was no nearer the key than when he started in. We may as well state that the cipher was built on a simple but unusual principle which, however, we will not explain here, but leave its discovery to the hero of our story.

The difficulty of finding the plan on which it was operated was due to the fact that it was not run on any of the usual lines that apply to cryptograms. It was, so to speak, in a class by itself, and therefore utterly defied Dick's many efforts to get to the bottom of it. In fact, the scheme was so good that it could be varied at will and still work out the same way. Every night, for a week, Dick applied himself to the task of trying to discover the key to the cipher, and though he applied every plan he had read about, he was as much in the dark about it as when he began.

"Well, I'm bound to say this thing has got my goat. By this time I doubt if the communication would be of any value to me if I were able to read it. I think I'll hand it over to my friend Bob and ask him to try and solve it. Maybe he'll have better luck with it, though I doubt it," said the boy to himself.

So the next time he met Skerritt he asked him if he was any good at finding the meaning of cipher writing.

"Sure, I'm a regular magician at it," said Bob.

"Then try your hand at that," said Dick, handing him the cipher note.

"It's just a collection of words written down apparently at random, isn't it?" said Bob.

"That's what it appears to be."

"Has it stumped you?"

"Absolutely."

"And you call yourself smart. Well, if I don't get on to it, it'll be because it's not real cipher writing. Why, I was weaned on ciphers, and what I can't do with them isn't worth mentioning. All that is necessary is to find the key, and then——"

"It will be as easy to read as falling off a log. Well, I wouldn't mind betting you a ten-dollar bill that you'll never find the key."

"Bet your small change first and maybe I'll take you up," grinned Bob.

"I'll do better. I'll give you ten dollars if you find the key to that writing."

"You will, eh? Then see that you keep the tenner on tap, for I'm going to call on you for it in a day or two."

Bob spoke confidently, as if he felt certain of winning the money, but smart as he was with cipher writings, he never suspected what he was now up against. He walked away with the paper in his pocket, and Dick returned to his office.

CHAPTER VI.—Dick's Discovery.

That afternoon Dick learned that a syndicate had been formed to corner J. & S., and he lost no time in buying 100 shares on margin, at 80. An investigation of past performances of the stock showed him that it was a low price for it, and that even in the ordinary course of things it ought to advance anyway as soon as the general market stiffened up. Usually a speculator has about one chance in ten of winning in the market unless luck runs dead in his favor. But with the tip at his back and the price of the stock at low-water mark, the young messenger figured that, in his case, the chances were reversed. And he was right, for in less than a week he sold out and cleared \$1,500 on the deal.

Next day when he went to the bank with the day's deposits at ten minutes before three he carried his money envelope with him, containing \$2,700. On his way back he went to the little bank and bought 250 shares of D. & B., as he had heard that it was a rising stock. He had to put up \$2,500 margin. As the Exchange was then closed, the clerk said that the bank's representative would buy the shares on the outside, if he could get them handily, otherwise he would get them at the Exchange in the morning. Dick dropped in at the little bank next morning at eleven and asked the margin clerk if the stock had been bought. The clerk looked the matter up and told him that it had, at 85. Dick was satisfied and returned to his office. A month had now elapsed since Dick visited the house on the suburbs of Jersey City, and he had accomplished nothing in the line of finding out anything about the Secret Band of Wall Street.

The public had forgotten all about the disappearance of George Putnam, who had been missing about six weeks. Dick was the only person

outside of the conspirators in the game who knew that the operator was a prisoner in the hands of a combine who expected to profit in some way through the kidnapping, and he did not dare say a word about it. He felt sorry for Mr. Putnam, and his conscience often smote him because he had failed to carry out the trust reposed in him; but he comforted himself with the reflection that he was acting for the best, not only in his own interest, but he believed in the interest of the operator. A day or two after he purchased the D. & B. shares, Mr. Harrup called him into his room right after he returned from the bank at three o'clock, and handing him a letter, told him to deliver it to Captain Gannon, at his bachelor apartments, on Fifth avenue.

"If he isn't home, go around to the Sheep's Club and see if he's there. If he is not at that club, go to the Harvard Club on West 44th street, near Fifth avenue. In the event that you do not find him, bring the note back to me. You will find me at the Union Club. Ask for me at the desk," said the broker.

Dick got a quarter for carfare and departed. It happened he was so fortunate as to meet the captain, looking as swell as ever, coming out of his apartments, and he handed him the note, telling him it came from Mr. Harrup.

The captain tore the note open, looked at it and then told Dick to accompany him to his apartments. They went up to the third floor, and Dick was introduced into an expensively furnished sitting room.

"Wait here till I see whether the note requires a reply," said Captain Gannon.

The speaker entered an adjoining room, went to a desk, sat down, spread out the paper, the contents of which was in cipher, and took down an unabridged dictionary from the top of the desk. Dick amused himself looking around the sitting room. The rug in the center of the floor must have cost \$500 at least, for it was a real Bengal tiger skin, with the head attached. The small tables, covered with bronze figures, had come from a curio store and cost fancy prices. The chairs probably had been purchased at a similar place. The walls were covered with handsome water-colors, large photos and chromos of beautiful women, in gilt frames, while the fancy shelves were loaded with cabinet photos of celebrities, chiefly handsome women.

As the moments went by and the captain still failed to appear, Dick got up and walked around to make a closer inspection of the pictures. There were enough of them to stock a small picture gallery. By degrees Dick got over near the door opening into the next room, which was hung with a heavy and costly pair of portiere curtains. These now hung straight down, though there were loops on either side to hold them up. The curtain on the left was partly caught by the loop, which left a small opening above the loop. As Dick stopped to admire a large picture at that point, he casually glanced through this opening to see what the room beyond looked like. It was a sort of ante-apartment to the reception room, equally well furnished, and the walls were covered by an additional display of photos of all sizes.

At a window was a handsome desk at which the captain was sitting. Before him was a sheet of

paper on which, at intervals, he wrote down a word, but before he wrote the word he looked it up in the big dictionary at his elbow. Dick suddenly became interested in his work. He noticed that when Captain Gannon turned to a page in the dictionary he ran his finger up or down it till it rested on a word. Then he counted what seemed to be five words above it for a short distance and then wrote down a word on the sheet. The next time he went through the performance he counted down instead of up. And so, alternately, he proceeded with the task of selecting certain words. It didn't take Dick more than a few minutes to understand that the captain was composing a communication in cipher, and the boy began to get a glimmering of the principle that governed the cipher. He watched the captain carefully and by degrees he saw that after selecting a word he counted ten words above and below it, alternately, and put down, apparently, the tenth word. At last Dick felt satisfied that he had discovered the secret of the cipher used by the members of the Secret Band of Wall Street and he was not a little elated over his success. Fifteen minutes afterward Captain Gannon appeared with a carefully sealed envelope, the flap of which he had taken the additional precaution to seal with green wax. It could not be tampered with without discovery.

"Are you going back to the office?" asked the captain.

"No, I was going straight home."

"You must deliver this to Mr. Harrup first, as it's important."

"That's easy. He told me I would find him at the Union Club."

"I was going to suggest that you stop there before going back to Wall Street. Here is a dollar for yourself to pay you for your trouble and time."

Captain Gannon then led the way to the elevator, and they parted on the sidewalk.

CHAPTER VII.—Miss Putnam.

Dick went straight to the Union Club, on the corner of Fifth avenue and 51st street, and delivered the letter to his employer, explaining that he had to wait some time in the captain's apartments while he wrote it. Mr. Harrup nodded and dismissed him. Dick then walked down the avenue, for it was a pleasant afternoon, and many well-dressed people were on the sidewalks, while the street itself was alive with auto-cabs and other vehicles, rushing up and down at a pace that made crossing by pedestrians look precarious. He had proceeded a couple of blocks when he saw a young lady, who had come up a side street, start to cross at a moment when there was clear space on the avenue. Unfortunately, however, she didn't notice an auto that came dashing around the corner until it was almost on her. She tried to jump back, stumbled and fell on her knees. Quick as a flash, Dick sprang to her aid.

He seized her around the waist and pulled her out of the way of the vehicle, which the chauffeur was trying hard to bring to a quick stop. In spite of his efforts, it would have struck her but for the young messenger's timely action. He carried her in safety back to the curb, but

she was badly frightened. She trembled so she could scarcely stand, and he had to support her with one of his arms.

"You're all right now, miss," he said reassuringly.

"Thank you! Oh, thank you!" she faltered.

"You're quite welcome. Shall I see you across?"

She was too much unnerved to make the effort, and he saw it.

"I'll wait until you have recovered a bit, and then I'll see that you get over all right," he said politely.

"Thank you; you are so kind. I am sure you saved my life."

"Perhaps I did. It is impossible to say, though you doubtless would have been hurt had the auto hit you."

"I couldn't have saved myself. How shall I ever be able to thank you enough?"

"Don't worry about that. I am amply repaid in knowing that I have done you a service."

In a few minutes, the street being fairly clear for the moment, Dick escorted her across.

"Can I be of any further service to you, miss?" he asked.

"No. I have only to go to the middle of the block. Will you tell me your name? I should be glad to remember you."

"Dick Rodney. I'm a Wall Street messenger."

"You are employed in Wall Street? My father——" she stopped abruptly and looked distressed.

"Your father—is he connected with Wall Street?"

"Yes," she replied, in a low tone, "but I know not whether he be alive or dead."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the surprised boy.

"He has been missing for six weeks. You must have read of his disappearance in the papers at the time."

"What!" cried Dick, in astonishment. "Are you Miss Putnam?"

"That is my name."

"And your father is George Putnam, the rich operator in Wall Street?"

"Yes."

"You haven't heard a word from him since he went away that evening in a strange automobile?"

"Not a word. If he were alive, surely I would have heard from him."

"Oh, he's alive, all right; rest assured of that."

"You say that to encourage me, but really I am beginning to lose hope."

"I tell you not to worry. I am convinced he is alive."

"What makes you think he is?" cried the girl eagerly.

"Look here, Miss Putnam, I know something about your father. I'll tell you, if you promise to keep it to yourself."

"I'll promise anything if you will tell me," she said.

"This is no place to tell you. Shall we go to your residence? You say that you live near by."

"Yes, yes, we will go there. I am so anxious to learn anything you know about my father."

Dick accompanied her to one of the tall brown-

stone fronts on the avenue. They reached the front door by way of a flight of wide stone steps, and she opened the door with her key and led him into the big front parlor, which was handsomely furnished, and they took chairs by one of the windows overlooking the street.

"I have a singular story to tell you, Miss Putnam, but before I begin you must promise to keep all I say to yourself. I assure you it is for your father's good."

"I promise," she said.

"I know I am asking a good deal of you, but if you told the police, it would not only get me into serious trouble, but would defeat the efforts I am making to rescue your father from the people who are holding him prisoner in order to extort money or something equally valuable from him."

"I am under great obligations to you for the service you have just rendered me, and I will trust you to do anything you say," she said.

"Thank you. I am sure you will never regret placing full confidence in me. Now I will tell you how I discovered that your father was a prisoner in the hands of a band of Wall Street men, who are, outwardly, gentlemen, but whose actions stamp them as thoroughgoing rascals," said Dick. "I am employed in the office of Albert Harrup, stock broker, and one month ago he sent me on an errand to a house on the suburbs of Jersey City, near the Hackensack River."

Dick then went on to tell her all the circumstances of the case. Miss Putnam listened to his story with breathless interest, and when he finished she told him she had no fault to find with him for acting as his judgment dictated.

"I am glad you look at it in that light, Miss Putnam," he said. "I assure you, I am working for the best interest of your father. I don't believe the whole police force could help him a bit under the circumstances of the case. I am in a position to discover things that the detectives could hardly find out, except by accident, and I believe the members of this Secret Band of Wall Street are too much on their guard to be caught by the officers of the law. As office messenger for one of the men in the plot, I have opportunities to make discoveries that an outsider would be unable to do, for I see movements in the game right along, though up to this point I have been unable to make anything out of them. With the secret of the cipher in my possession now, I hope to be able to make progress after this. I mean to rescue your father and expose the identity of every man mixed up in the criminal affair."

Miss Putnam regarded the plucky and earnest young messenger with more respect than ever, and with not a little admiration. She felt sure that he was able to do things, and would, in the end, accomplish what he had set out to do.

"I have every confidence in you, Mr. Rodney, but you will call, won't you, and let me know how things are going?" she said.

"I will. And if it is not advisable at any time for me to call I will write you. It is quite possible, you know, that your movements are sometimes watched to see what steps you are taking to find your father. It would not do for Mr. Harrup to learn that I was meeting you. It

would arouse his suspicions at once, and then all my plans to save your father would probably be blocked," said Dick.

"I understand," she answered. "Do just as you think best."

Dick then bade her good-by and went home.

CHAPTER VIII.—Dick Reads Cipher Message.

Dick determined to lose no time in trying his hand at the cipher again. He felt sure he had hit upon the key to it, but whether he had caught the thing exactly right he couldn't tell until he had tried it. He had no unabridged dictionary in the house, so after supper he went down to a public library a few blocks away and getting a large dictionary off the shelf, sat down at a table and applied himself to the task before him. Spreading out the cipher note, he saw that the first word was "Ourology." He looked the word up. At a venture he began counting downward first. The fifth word was "Osel." That could not be right, for it had no better meaning than "Ourology," so he reversed the operation and counted up. This time he got the word "Our."

That was much better, and believing he had made a right start, he put "Our" down on the reverse side of the paper. The second word was "Manage," and a figure 3 in parentheses followed it. On turning to the word, Dick found that "manage" was the last word in the middle column of the page. He could not count down, so he counted up again, and found that the fourth word, as well as the fifth, too, was "Man." The meaning of the figure 3 was now clear to him. Three words, and not five, were to be counted up in this case, so he put down the word "Man" after "Our." The third word was "Stiltite." Counting up, he came to the word "Stigmatist." That didn't sound right, so he counted down, and found "still." He put that down after "Man."

The fourth word was "Posnet." Reading down didn't produce sense, so he read up and got "Positively." The next word was "Refunder," which was the fourth from the top, so he read down and got "Refuse," to which he afterward added an "s" to make sense. The sixth word was "Tituled," and was close to the top, so Dick read down and got "To." The next was "Considerately," and being close to the bottom of the column, Dick read up and got "Consider." The following word was "Proprietary," and the fifth above was "Proposition," which fitted in.

The ninth word was "Submissive," and it was followed by a dash, which clearly indicated the end of the sentence. Dick did not have to look it up, for he knew that the right word was "Submitted." The translated sentence read: "Our man still positively refuses to consider proposition submitted."

Dick felt like shouting at his success. Culminating his work, the second sentence yielded: "Will see us to Jericho (this word was not in the dictionary) first." The last sentence read: "We await further instructions." Dick now had the whole communication under his eye, and it ran as follows:

"Off College Point (date).

"Albert Harrup, Esq.:

"Our man still positively refuses to consider proposition submitted. Will see us to Jericho first. We await further instructions.

(Signed) "JOHN PENLEY."

Dick returned the dictionary to the shelf and went home. The only thing about the message that was of any use to him was the fact that it showed that the yacht, with George Putnam on board, was, at the time the note was sent, lying off College Point. She might be still lying there, but the probability was she had changed her anchorage, as the conspirators would not consider it prudent to keep her at one place for any length of time. However, Dick saw his way to learn the name of the yacht by going to College Point and making inquiries about her. He judged that some boatman would have passed close enough to her to read her name, and if he could find anybody who had acquired the information, he would be able to get it.

As the next day was Saturday and he got off at half-past twelve, he determined to make a trip to College Point, which abutted on the East river opposite Bronx Borough. He could get there by trolley via Flushing, but it was quite a ride. When the Exchange closed at noon D. & B. had not moved a peg. That fact, however, did not worry Dick. He was not expecting the stock to go up so soon. He got his pay envelope at half-past twelve and left the office for a quick-lunch house. Then he started for the Brooklyn Bridge and got a car bound for Flushing. In the course of time he reached that town, kept on and duly arrived at College Point.

As College Point is surrounded on three sides by water, he had no easy task on his hands. Starting with the water front of Flushing Bay, he combined his occupation with inquiries concerning the vessel. At the end of an hour he had seen no signs of the yacht, but he met a man who remembered having seen such a craft at anchor at the entrance of the bay.

"How long was she there?" he asked the party.

"All of a week, I guess," he answered.

"Then she sailed two or three weeks ago?"

"Yes."

"Did you learn her name?"

"No."

"I am anxious to find it out. I wonder who I had best apply to for the information? Somebody along the wharves, eh?"

"Yes. Or you might inquire at that ship chandlery store yonder."

Dick thanked him and made a line for the store in question. His inquiry there was unfruitful, so he kept on, asking every man who looked as if his business was connected with the water. He went as far as the end of the Point, but without result. He met many who had seen the yacht from the shore, but no one who had passed near her in a boat. As it was getting late, he gave up the matter, boarded a car, and returned to Brooklyn, changing cars for his home.

That evening he wrote a note to Miss Putnam, telling her that he had found out the secret of the cipher writing employed by her father's abductors, and from it learned that the yacht, on board which Mr. Putnam was held prisoner, had

been lying off College Point for about a week, three weeks since. He told her about his trip to College Point to learn the name of the yacht, if possible, but had not been able to find it out. In a postscript he put his home address, so that Miss Putnam could communicate with him by letter if she wished to. When he got home on Wednesday evening he found a daintily written note from her, acknowledging the receipt of his letter and thanking him for his zeal in her father's interest. She concluded by saying that she would be happy to see him at her home any time he could make it convenient to call, and signed herself Nellie Putnam. Next day D. & B. began going up, and closed at 87. By Saturday D. & B. was up to 90, a rise of five points during the week, and it was attracting considerable attention. On Monday it went two points higher, and on Tuesday, amid great excitement in the board room, it rose steadily to par. Dick had met Bob several times since he received the tip and the cipher note back. They had talked chiefly about the stock. Once Bob asked him how he was getting on with the cipher puzzle, but Dick gave him an evasive answer. He did not care to tell his friend that he had solved the secret writing, because Bob would want to know what the message was about. Of course, he wasn't obliged to tell him, but Bob might not like that, and he did not want to have any misunderstanding with his friend.

He met Bob when D. & B. reached par, and they figured about selling their holdings. When they parted, Bob had about decided to cash in, but Dick thought he would hold on a day longer. Next morning D. & B. opened at 100 3-8, and soon went to 102. While out on an errand Dick heard some brokers talking about the boom, and from what he gathered he judged he had better get out from under right away. Accordingly, on his way back to the office he went to the little bank and ordered his deal closed out.

His stock went at 102 and a fraction and he made a profit of \$4,300, which raised his capital to \$7,000. On the following day the stock began to decline, and in a few days was down to 95, so Dick congratulated himself on having got out at high-water mark. When he met Bob, his friend told him he had sold at par and made \$450.

"How much did you make, Dick?" asked Bob.

"I made more than twice as much as you, and I'm going to make you a present for giving me the tip," replied Dick.

He kept his word and presented Bob with a handsome scarf pin that cost him about \$35. Bob was greatly tickled over the pin and declared that Dick was a brick, and if he ever got hold of another tip Dick should share in it.

CHAPTER IX.—Indications of Madness.

As the middle of the month drew near, Dick began to watch Mr. Harrup to see if he would repeat his strange actions, so noticeable on the 15th of the previous month, and about the same date on each preceding month since the boy took service with him. When the broker went home on the afternoon of the 14th Dick observed that he looked worried. Presumably, things were not going well with the Secret Band of Wall Street.

That's the way Dick figured it. It was true that the conspirators had not yet succeeded in breaking the strong will of their prisoner, but that fact was not worrying any of them, for they regarded success as merely a matter of time, and they were able to wait. They had other irons in the fire, not quite so illegitimate, which brought them a considerable profit at times.

The combine held meetings at divers places, but Dick never learned about their gatherings, though he sometimes carried notes from Harrup to several of the members who could not be reached conveniently over the phone at the time. Detectives employed by Putnam's friends were still hunting for him, and doubtless the excellent standing and respectability of the conspirators enabled them to keep track of the moves made by the sleuths, particularly as Captain Gannon was a confidential associate of two or three of the men who were directing the search. We have said that Harrup went away from the office on the afternoon of the 14th of the month, looking worried. Probably no one in the office noticed it but Dick. That evening Dick ventured to pay a social call on Miss Putnam. He received a cordial reception, and spent a pleasant evening with the young lady, who was a beautiful girl of seventeen years. Owing to her father's uncertain fate she dressed very soberly, but was charming in spite of the absence of frills. Dick apologized for having nothing to report.

"I can only move when something comes my way," he said, "and lately nothing has turned up in the shape of a clue to what the conspirators are doing, nor where the yacht is moored. If I could discover the location of the vessel, the police would probably be able to rescue your father, but his rescue might not lead to the exposure of the secret band. My ambition is to accomplish both objects, but, of course, I'm willing to sacrifice the latter to the former any time for your sake, Miss Putnam."

"Thank you, Mr. Rodney," she said gratefully. "I appreciate your sentiments. If you save my father from those men you will have but added to the deep obligation you have already placed me under."

"I have told you, Miss Putnam, not to worry about the obligation you are under to me. I did no more than my duty in snatching you out of the path of the auto. I would do the same if danger threatened you again in my presence," said Dick.

"I believe you would," she answered, "for you are a splendid young man."

"You mustn't try to make me conceited," laughed the young messenger.

"No fear of that. You are too sensible."

"There, now, you mustn't throw any more bouquets at me," protested Dick.

There was no doubt that they had taken a fancy to one another, and when half-past ten came around Dick reluctantly rose to take his leave.

"When will you call again?" she asked.

"That will probably depend on circumstances," he replied.

"You needn't wait till you have made more discoveries. Come any time. I will always be glad to see you."

"Thank you. I will send you word in advance."

Then they said good-by at the door and Dick

started for the Bridge. Next day was the 15th, and Dick had ample evidence that Harrup was off his mental balance again. In fact, he seemed to be worse than before. The stenographer noticed his manner when she went in to take dictation. She said nothing about it to any one in the office, but the cashier and two of the three clerks had the evidence of their own eyes later. It gave rise to some quiet gossip in the counting room. One of the clerks remarked to Dick that the boss acted as if he was off his base.

"You must have noticed it," he said.

"If I have, I'm not saying anything about it," replied the boy. "He's the boss, and it isn't our place to criticize his conduct."

About two o'clock the cashier told him to take some papers to Mr. Harrup. Dick knocked twice on the door, and, receiving no answer, ventured to look in, expecting that his employer had gone out by way of his private door. He was startled to see the broker in his chair with a revolver pointed at his temple. Dick was a boy of action, and he felt that this was a moment when he couldn't act too quickly. He dashed in and knocked the broker's hand up just as he pulled the trigger. The bullet imbedded itself in the wall behind him. The narrowness of his escape from self-destruction was shown by the fact that his face was blackened by the powder. With a howl like a maniac balked of his purpose, Mr. Harrup dropped the weapon, grasped Dick by the throat and proceeded to choke him.

He would certainly have done it, in spite of Dick's efforts to free himself, for his strength seemed to be enormous at that moment, but for the appearance of the cashier and clerks. The broker's eyes blazed like a demented murderer, and the look on his face was something awful. They had great difficulty in saving Dick, and when they finally separated the two, Harrup's manner underwent a change. He flung himself into his chair and began to laugh immoderately, something he never had been guilty of before. The cashier regarded him in astonishment, and so did the clerks, one of whom was leading the half-strangled messenger to the washroom.

Suddenly he stopped and ordered them out of the room, and they went without a word, looking to Dick for an explanation of the trouble. The report of the revolver drew many of the tenants and clerks on that floor to the office. The cashier was kept busy explaining that Harrup had accidentally discharged his revolver while handling it. When Dick recovered, he told how he had saved the broker from shooting himself.

"The man is mad," he said. "No sane man would try to shoot himself, or if he did, he would not try to kill the person who prevented him from doing it."

Dick's explanation produced a sensation in the counting room, and later when Harrup, apparently recovered, rang for his stenographer, she didn't want to go in to him, and no one blamed her. She had to go, however, and returned after fifteen minutes with word that Mr. Harrup seemed to be all right again. Before he went home, Harrup called Dick into his room.

"You saved me from shooting myself, and I tried to kill you for doing so," he said, in his customary quick way. "Overlook it, and I'll make it all right with you. I don't feel like

myself to-day. The 14th of the month always has a bad effect on me," he added, with a strange look and a queer gleam of the eye. "I—but that will do. After this your wages will be \$10. Tell the cashier that is my orders. That is all. You can go now. Wait, help me on with my overcoat. I'm going home. If Captain Gannon should call, tell him I'm ill and to call again to-morrow."

As he started to leave the room the clock struck two in the counting room. For a moment Harrup's face became convulsed and Dick thought there was going to be another scene, but the broker pulled himself together and walked off. Next morning Dick noticed that L. & M. was advancing.

"It will probably go up two or three points more," he said to himself. "I guess I'll get in on it."

At the first chance he bought 500 shares at the little bank, at 95. Harrup didn't turn up till after one, and then he looked like a man convalescing from a dangerous illness. He was silent and morose, attended to such business as awaited his attention, and left the office within two hours, and did not show up again till next day, when he appeared like his usual self. On the day after that, L. & M. reached 97 3-8, and Dick left orders at the little bank to close him out. This was done at once and he added \$1,000 profit to his capital.

CHAPTER X.—The Clue that Failed.

Next morning, when Dick reached the office, a messenger followed him out of the elevator with a telegram for the broker. Dick signed for it and looked at it with interest.

"I wonder if that is connected with our regular business, or whether it has come from Penley, and has reference to Mr. Putnam?" he asked himself.

He was alone in the office and he looked at the flap of the envelope. A lead pencil ran under it would quickly open it.

"It's a mean thing to do," he muttered, "but the end justifies the means."

In two minutes he had the message open before him. It was not in cipher. However, it was with Nantucket to follow. Wire, care Manhas-Long Island.

"Nothing doing yet," it ran. "We'll lie here forty-eight hours and then run to Block Island, with Nantucket to follow. Wire, care Manhas-sett House. PENLEY."

Dick had nailed the position of the yacht at last. He resealed the dispatch and placed it on Harrup's desk.

"Now what shall I do?" he thought. "Notify the police where Mr. Putnam is to be found, or go——"

He broke off and reflected.

"Three days from now the yacht will be at Block Island. In a week probably at Nantucket. That will give me lots of time to make up my mind. My duty to Miss Putnam and her father is to secure Mr. Putnam's immediate rescue, now that the chance has come my way. But if I do,

it may kill my chances of exposing the identity of the members of the Secret Band of Wall Street. If Mr. Putnam is ignorant of the personality of the men by whose direction he was abducted, he'll want to know it as soon as he is free. I am afraid he'll have a job trying to find it out."

His reflections were intruded on by the appearance of the three clerks in a bunch, and after them came the stenographer and the cashier. Five minutes later he was sent to a stationery store on Nassau street with an order for some printing. When he got back, Mr. Harrup was in his room and had read the telegram. The morning passed about as usual and at noon Captain Gannon appeared. If any of the other members of the combine of conspirators ever called, Dick did not recognize them as such. At any rate, none of the people to whom he carried notes that night ever visited the office, and though Dick suspected that they were members of the Secret Band, he was not positive of the fact. The captain remained closeted with Harrup about half an hour and then he went away. In the meanwhile, Dick was kept on the run and had no time to think any more about what action he would take with relation to the telegram.

After he went to the bank with the day's receipts, he stopped on the way back and took a light lunch, for he was very hungry. While eating, he came to the decision that he had better notify Miss Putnam of the present anchorage of the yacht, and let her take action looking to her father's rescue. So when he got back to the office and found that Mr. Harrup was out, he wrote a note to the young lady telling her that the yacht was at Manhasset, and would stay there for forty-eight hours.

"You will, of course, notify the police, and detectives will at once be sent down on the Long Island shore to search the vessel," he said. "But do not on any account let the police know how you came by the information. Don't bring me into it, or it will put me up to my ears in trouble and spoil my chances of exposing the conspirators. Tell the police that the information came to you by an anonymous communication, and keep this note to yourself."

When he left the office for the day he took the note to the branch post-office, put a special delivery stamp on the envelope and dropped it in the office.

"That's settled. Mr. Putnam will be rescued, if the detectives take the yacht by surprise, and then we'll see if anything will come out about the Secret Band of Wall Street," thought Dick, as he started for home.

When he reached the office next morning he found a telegraph messenger waiting to deliver his envelope. Dick took it and carried it into the private room. Satisfied that it contained an important communication from Penley, he opened it with a pencil and found he was right. The dispatch, however, was written in the cipher, and came from New London, Connecticut. Dick seized a piece of paper, wrote down the twenty-nine cipher words in their order and then sealed the envelope again. He wondered if the dispatch announced the rescue of Mr. Putnam. If the rich operator and president of the Northern Traction Road had been found on the yacht, the news would certainly be printed in special editions of

the afternoon papers. Mr. Harrup came down at a quarter of ten. Dick helped him off with his overcoat.

"There's a telegram on your desk which was left here at five minutes of nine," said the young messenger.

"All right," said Harrup, picking it up and tearing open the envelope.

When he saw it was in cipher he laid it aside and began opening his regular mail and making notes for dictated replies to his stenographer. In twenty minutes he rang for Dick and told him to send in Miss Webb. Visitors began to arrive to see him, so he had no chance to translate his cipher message. Dick was sent out a dozen times before noon, but there were no extras on the street, and he was disappointed. But for the coming of Penley's message he would have figured that no action had yet been taken by the police.

He now began to fear that there had been a slip-up in the attempt at rescue, and that Penley had managed to hoodwink the sleuths and keep his prisoner. There was no doubt in his mind that Penley was a shrewd and resourceful man and not easily to be caught napping.

"Well, it isn't my fault if the police have failed to rescue Mr. Putnam," thought Dick. "I did my part, and I am sure that Miss Putnam would lose no time in doing hers the moment she got my note. If the police have acted and failed, it is clear that Penley was too smart for them."

When Dick returned from one of his errands with a reply for Mr. Harrup, and knocked for admission on the door of the private room, he saw, on entering, his boss in the act of closing the unabridged dictionary which usually stood on the top of his desk. He didn't look pleasant when Dick handed him the note he brought back, so he judged that the dispatch contained news that did not please him. At three o'clock Harrup rang for Dick.

"I am going out to lunch now," he said. "I shall want to send you uptown when I return, so don't go home. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

The broker let himself out by his private door and Dick returned to his seat outside. He had one errand to do for the cashier before Harrup returned at a quarter of four. Five minutes later the broker called Dick inside and handed him a note to take to Captain Gannon. This note had no additional wax seal, and from that circumstance the young messenger judged that it contained nothing of a compromising nature.

"Hunt up Captain Gannon, if he isn't at his apartments," said Harrup, who then mentioned half a dozen places where Dick might find that person.

"But suppose I shouldn't be able to find him, sir?" said Dick.

"Report the fact to me at the Union Club up to half-past seven o'clock."

"Very well, sir," and the boy took a Third avenue train uptown.

He called first at the captain's apartments, but the porter said he had not been there since noon. Then he began a tour of the other places. Captain Gannon was at none of them, though he had been at two of the places during the afternoon.

"I guess I'm stumped," he said, "for I don't

know where else to go to look for him. I'll have to go to the Union Club and report non-success."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when Captain Gannon hove into sight around the corner.

"Well, I'll be blessed, here he comes now!" ejaculated Dick.

He walked up to the captain and presented his note.

"I called at your apartments and six other places, but could not find you, Captain Gannon," said Dick. "I was just going to the Union Club to tell Mr. Harrup I couldn't deliver the note."

While he was speaking, the captain tore open the message, read the few words it contained, which were not in cipher, and told the boy to go to the Union Club and tell Mr. Harrup "all right."

Dick did so, and then walked down Fifth avenue. He was tempted to call on Miss Putnam to see if he could get any light on the presumed failure of the police to rescue her father after he had provided a certain clue to his whereabouts. As he approached the house he saw a man come out and walk away.

"I guess that's one of the detectives," thought Dick. "I think I'll go in."

He ran up the steps and rang the bell. When the maid answered his ring, he asked if Miss Putnam was in.

"She is," was the reply.

"Then take my name to her," he said.

"You are Mr. Rodney?"

"Yes."

He was shown into the front parlor and the maid went upstairs. Presently she returned and told Dick to follow her. She took him up to the private sitting room on the second floor where Miss Putnam had received him on the occasion of his evening visit.

"I'm delighted to see you, and very glad you called so soon after sending me the letter yesterday containing the clue to the yacht, aboard which you believed my father was confined. I lost no time in calling on the chief of detectives and giving him the information. As I could only say that it had come to me through an anonymous source, he seemed doubtful about the value of it. I begged him to send detectives to the yacht, agreeing to pay all expenses if their mission proved a failure. He consented at last to do that."

"And their mission was a failure," said Dick.

"Yes. They found a steam yacht in Manhasset Bay and went on board. When they stated the object of their visit, the owner, who received them, was very indignant that any one should imagine that my father was being detained on board his yacht against his will. He told the officers that they were at liberty to search the vessel, and offered them every facility to carry out their orders. The search revealed no traces whatever of my father, nor any evidence that he had ever been on board. When the failure of the quest was reported to me, I was intensely disappointed, for I counted on your clue as a sure thing," said the girl.

"I deeply regret the outcome of the matter myself," replied Dick. "I feel satisfied that Penley, who is in charge of the yacht, got wind of the coming of the detectives in some way in time to remove your father to some place until after the

search was made, when he was doubtless brought back to the yacht."

"That may be, but I cannot see how he could learn that the officers were coming from New York. They didn't leave the city till after dark. They took the last north shore express, and reached Manhasset about half-past nine. As soon as they found that a yacht was in the harbor, they applied to the town magistrate for a search warrant and hired a boatman to take them off to her. I don't see how the man you call Penley could have found out that the vessel was about to be boarded by officers in search of my father," said Miss Putnam.

"I couldn't give you any idea on the subject, but the fact that the detectives failed to find your father on the yacht is a sure sign to me that Penley was prepared for their coming."

Miss Putnam remained silent and thoughtful. At that moment Dick thought of the copy of the telegram from Penley that he had in his pocket.

"I suppose you have lost some confidence in me, Miss Putnam," he said, "but I assure you that I believed the information I sent you was thoroughly to be repended on. It came in a telegram to Mr. Harrup, from Penley, who stated that the yacht would remain forty-eight hours at Manhasset and then steam for Block Island and later visit Nantucket. I admit that it made no mention of your father, but I had no doubt about his being on board. Why should the yacht be moving about with Penley in charge of her, if your father were not with him? He is employed by the conspirators to keep watch over their prisoner."

"I have not lost confidence in you, Mr. Rodney, but I believe you made a mistake in the clue you sent me," said the girl.

"Well, I have another note from Penley in my pocket, or rather it's a copy of a telegram that came to the office this morning. It's in the cipher I told you about and must be worked out. If you have an unabridged dictionary in the house we will see what it says."

Miss Putnam took Dick into the library on that floor and showed him such a dictionary. He laid it on the table with the note and got to work on it. Finally he completed the translation and read it off to her as follows:

"New London, Conn. (date).

"To Albert Harrup, No. — Wall street:

"There is a leak somewhere. At midnight yacht was boarded by detectives from New York. Warned in time by shore watcher. Nothing came of search. We leave at once.

(Signed) "JOHN PENLEY."

CHAPTER XI.—The Black Prince.

"I think that shows I was right in my surmise that Penley got wind of the coming of the officers and managed to remove your father temporarily from the vessel. He could easily do that by boat in the darkness of the night. So he pulled the wool very neatly over the eyes of the detectives. That shows how clever this man Penley is," said Dick.

Miss Putnam agreed that Dick was right, and said she would visit headquarters and explain the matter to the chief.

"I wouldn't," said Dick. "He is now of the opinion that the clue you took to him was a fake, and any explanation you might make would cut little ice with him. It is too bad that the thing miscarried, for it will be more difficult to get the New York police to act on another clue of the same kind, if supplied by you. By the way, the detectives, of course, learned the name of the yacht."

"Yes. Her name is the Black Prince."

As it was about dinner hour, Miss Putnam invited Dick to honor her table.

"I eat alone, as a rule, and I shall be very glad to have your company," she said.

After some hesitation the young messenger accepted the invitation, and as the clock struck seven he accompanied her to the dining room in the basement. He remained a short time after dinner and then took his leave. Next day Dick learned from a young broker he was on friendly terms with that a syndicate had been formed to corner S. & T. shares. The broker advised him to take a shy at it with whatever money he had to spare. Accordingly, Dick went the whole hog on the tip, buying 800 shares of S. & T. and putting all his money up on margin. This was a very foolish thing for him to do. Had he used good judgment, and not been carried away with the avaricious desire to make a big bunch of money, he would have invested only half of his money and kept the other half in reserve to answer a possible call for additional margin in case the deal went the wrong way.

The broker's word was good, but it was not infallible. In Wall Street the market is famous for disappointing the best-laid hopes.

Take all the most experienced brokers in the Street and they will tell you that no man can tell with absolute certainty just what will happen in the market from day to day, or even from hour to hour. Speculating in stocks is the greatest game of chance on record. Dick had been almost uniformly lucky in stock speculation from the first, and probably he banked on the hope that his luck would continue. At any rate, he went in over his head and took his chance on coming out ahead.

S. & T. was selling at 101, which was rather low for it, and this was one thing in his favor, for it hadn't gone below par in a year. Dick noticed that Mr. Harrup looked grouchy that day.

"I'll bet he's puzzling his head about the leak which Penley mentioned. I've got to be cautious, for his suspicions might rest on me. A person when hunting for such a leak is liable to suspect anybody," thought the boy.

The young messenger had no cause to worry about the matter, for Harrup did not suspect him in the least. The broker believed that the hint on which the police had made their raid had come from the telegraph office after Penley's first dispatch announcing the yacht at Manhasset had been sent through. While there was nothing at all suspicious about that message, still the operator who received it might be one of those smart individuals who see a negro in every woodpile. He might have read something in the papers about the mystery of George Putnam's disappearance before he got the message, and in some unaccountable way his brain associated the two.

This was only a guess, of course, on Harrup's

part, but it caused him to blame Penley for not having sent the message in the usual cipher. That would have made no difference, as Dick would have copied the cipher and picked it out at the library on his way home. As Penley in his second (cipher) dispatch had said the yacht was about to leave (presumably Manhasset) at once, without stating her destination, the conspirators probably judged she had gone to Block Island. Penley doubtless sent a man in a sailboat to New London to send the cipher message, as he did not deem it prudent to communicate again from Manhasset after what had happened. Then he got his anchor up as soon as the man got back. Dick had an idea that Penley would cut out Block Island and Nantucket after his expedience with the detectives, and go somewhere else. As a matter of fact, this is just what the crafty Penley did. He couldn't afford to take any chances that would get him in bad with his employers, who were paying him and his crew large wages for their services.

Penley had selected his men and had full confidence in them. At any rate, he could count on their self-interest to serve him faithfully. Another week passed and S. & T., after dropping to 95 and giving Dick a big scare, advanced to 106. It then began to attract attention and continued to rise steadily during the first part of the next week to 112. It became the center of attraction in the board room, and thousands of shares were dealt in, twice as many, in fact, as could be delivered, because the syndicate had the stock pretty well cornered. On Friday he got the tip from the young broker to sell. It was then going at 116 3-8.

Dick lost no time in selling, and figured that his profits, when the bank settled with him, would amount to \$12,000. This was a mighty big winning for him. He felt so very good over it that when Bob met him that afternoon and suggested that they go shooting over Sunday down on Great South Bay, he eagerly agreed.

"I've got an aunt who lives down on the outskirts of Babylon, between the town and the shore, and we can stop overnight there," said Bob. "We'll take the last train back Sunday night, or, if we miss it, the first one on Monday morning."

They met by appointment at half-past twelve next day, with their pay envelopes in their pockets, got their lunch at a restaurant, hiked over to the Long Island Depot in Brooklyn and took a south shore train that stopped at the ancient town of Babylon. On their arrival they went directly to Bob's aunt and received a cordial welcome. Bob's uncle by marriage placed a couple of shotguns at their disposal and furnished everything else that was necessary for a shooting expedition. It was arranged that they were to start before daylight next morning in a small sailboat, hired for the occasion, and start the ball rolling about daylight.

So after a good supper they went to bed with an alarm clock set at the head of the bed, fixed to go off at the hour they wanted to get up. The clock was an old one, but it had a bell and hammer that was always on the job when needed. When it got busy early next morning it made noise enough to wake the house. At any rate, it aroused Bob and Dick, and having performed its

duty, stopped. The boys dressed themselves, ate a cold breakfast that had been prepared for them, put a good lunch in each of their game-bags and sallied forth. Both were in fine spirits, and Dick never dreamed what this expedition would lead up to. Bob knew a good shooting ground and, sailing the boat there, they spent the morning bagging a good quantity of game. At noon they ate their lunch and continued their sport during the afternoon. The wind had dropped to a very light breeze after they reached the shooting place and remained that way till they started on their return, then it dropped to a dead calm and they drifted with the tide, which carried them out on the bay and away from their destination.

"We won't get back for supper at this rate," said Bob. "I'm getting hungry, for that lunch only took the edge off my appetite."

"I don't see how we can help ourselves if the wind won't blow," returned Dick.

"We can't help ourselves. We've got to grin and bear it."

"I don't call it a grinning matter. There's nothing funny about it at all."

"That's right. The longer we stay out here the longer we'll go hungry."

"Always thinking of your stomach, Bob. If we haven't got any food except the dead game we've bagged, there's plenty of water around us."

"What good is it? It's salt."

"I heard of a man who lived several months on water."

"He did? How did he manage to do it?"

"He was a sailor," chuckled Dick.

"Say, you're awfully funny all of a sudden. I think the tide has turned and we're drifting back."

"We're drifting down the bay faster than we are drawing near the shore. That white house was over there a while ago, now it's opposite to us. I've been watching it."

The sun was setting by this time, and darkness was certain to overtake the boys before they would reach the shore. Already they were a mile below the landing where they had to take the boat, and every minute increased the distance.

"This is simply fierce!" growled Bob.

"There's a large island about a mile ahead of us," said Dick. "We must get ashore there, moor the boat, and wait for the wind to spring up. Then we'll only have about a mile or two to sail back."

"Suppose the wind doesn't spring up all night—what then?"

"That's easy. We'll have to stay on the island."

"And go without our supper. That's a fine prospect!"

"It's better to stay on the island than to keep on drifting down the bay."

"It will be dark by the time we get near to the island. We are liable to float past it."

"As we are headed right for it, the chances are we'll bump into it."

That is exactly what happened an hour later, and the boys stepped on shore and fastened the boat by her bow line to a tree.

"Say, Bob, get the lantern out of the cabin and light it," said Dick.

Bob did so.

"Now get a piece of line, climb the mast and tie the lantern up there."

Bob did that, too. The boys sat on the sand and talked for half an hour.

"Let's whistle for a breeze, like sailors sometimes do," said Bob.

"What good will that do? It won't bring the wind any sooner," said Dick.

"Let's try it, anyway," persisted Bob, beginning to whistle.

"I'll leave you to whistle up a breeze. I'm going to stroll along the shore to take the kink out of my legs."

"Don't go too far, for the breeze might come at any moment."

"I'll bet I could walk all around this island in less than half an hour."

"Don't be too sure of that. It may be larger than you think. If you find a house with anybody living in it, get a couple of hunks of bread and butter, and anything else in the eating line they'll give you. I'm most starved."

"All right, old man, but don't place any hope on my being so lucky, for in my opinion there's nobody living on this island. I don't see what inducement it offers to anybody to come here and live," said Dick, as he walked off.

Ten minutes later he came to a wide cove on the other side of the island. Here, to his surprise, he saw a steam yacht at anchor. The vessel's stern was close in shore, and was held in that position against the swing of the tide by a light hawser attached to a stout tree. Lights streamed from her cabin porthole, and there were other lights forward. As Dick stood looking at her dark outline the thought suddenly came to him that this might be the craft aboard which George Putnam was held prisoner. The very suspicion made his nerves tingle with suppressed excitement.

"I wish I could make sure of it," he said to himself.

Then it occurred to him that he might shin out to her on the hawser. Her name was doubtless affixed to her stern in gilt letters. By flashing a match he would be able to catch a glimpse of it. Dick was daring enough to do anything if he had an object in view. The pull of the tide at that moment held the hawser taut. The young messenger got astride of it and started on his ticklish trip. It required some ingenuity to maintain his balance, but he finally got close to the yacht's stern. Taking a match from his pocket, he scratched it on his leg. As the blaze flashed up in the still night air Dick held it toward the vessel. The light revealed to him the word "Black" and then "Pr" beyond, which was as much as he could make out.

"It's the Black Prince, sure enough," he breathed, dropping the match into the water. "I wish I dared step on board to take a look around."

As the thought formed itself in his mind a form rose up in front of him and a powerful arm reached down and seized him by the collar. In another moment he was yanked on board of the yacht.

CHAPTER XII.—On Board the Yacht.

To say that Dick was taken by surprise would be putting it mildly.

"Now, young fellow, what brings you nosing about this vessel?" demanded the man who had captured him.

Dick sat up and looked at him. He was a husky big chap, that the boy could easily see even in the gloom of the night, and the way the fellow had pulled him over the rail with one arm showed how strong he was. The young messenger realized that it would be folly to try to escape from him.

"I suppose I have the right to look at any vessel I come across. I didn't attempt to come on board," replied the boy.

"But you were going to, eh?"

"No, I wasn't."

"Then what brought you close up under our stern?"

"I wanted to find out the name of the yacht."

"What for?"

"Merely out of curiosity."

"Well, I suppose you found out?"

"I think the name is the Black Prince. I could not read all of the second word."

"What brought you to this island alone to-night?"

"I'm not alone. I've got a friend with me. We went out shooting three miles or so up the bay before daylight in a sailboat. About the time we were ready to return, the wind failed us and we were unable to reach the shore. Since then we drifted down to this island."

"Where is your friend and the sailboat you speak of?"

"Over yonder, I should judge," replied Dick, pointing.

"What brought you to this side of the island in the dark if your boat and friend are over there?"

"I started out to walk around the island for exercise, seeing that we couldn't get away for want of wind."

"Why didn't you keep on walking? Didn't you ever see a yacht before?"

"I've seen yachts before, but I guess I can stop and look at one lying in a cove without having to explain my reasons," returned Dick, who was tired of being cross-examined.

"That's all right; but you had no right to climb out to this yacht on our stern hawser."

"I'll admit that, but what's the difference? Where's the harm in it? I hope you don't take me for a sneak thief?"

"It's hard to tell what you are. I'll have to take you before the skipper and let him decide your case."

Dick was satisfied that this giant referred to Penley, who was in charge of the craft. If taken before him, the boy knew he would be recognized. That would probably put him in a fix. Penley would want an explanation of his presence on the island, and particularly why he crawled out on the hawser to look at the yacht's name, even if that was his only object. Well, he was in for it, so he determined to put on a bold front and try to get out of the hole he was in as best he could.

"Well, take me before your skipper," he said.

"I guess he will accept my explanation. I belong in Brooklyn and work in Wall Street."

"Where? In Wall Street?"

"Yes. My boss is Albert Harrup, stock broker."

"What did you say?" cried the man, staring at him.

"I said my boss was Albert Harrup, a stock broker," repeated Dick.

The man's manner underwent an immediate change.

"I guess you want to see Mr. Penley, don't you?" he said, with a more friendly attitude.

"I'm not particular, though I met Mr. Penley once at No. 999 Blank street, in Jersey City, where I believe he lives. He does some business with Mr. Harrup."

Dick's answer seemed to puzzle the man a bit.

"Come," he said, taking Dick by the arm, "and we'll go into the cabin and you can talk this matter over with Mr. Penley. I dare say you can offer a satisfactory explanation for your actions."

Dick, accompanied his conductor because he couldn't help himself, and they entered the cabin of the yacht, where Penley sat reading a magazine and smoking a cigar.

"Mr. Penley, here is a messenger from Mr. Harrup," said the giant, introducing Dick.

Penley looked sharply at the boy and recognized him at once as Harrup's office boy and messenger.

"You can go, Thompson," he said to the man, and the giant retired the way he came. "Now, then, Rodney, have you brought me a message?"

"No, sir," replied Dick.

"No? Then why are you here?"

"I'm here by accident."

"By accident! What do you mean?"

"I'll explain," said Dick, appropriating a chair facing the boss of the yacht. "Yesterday afternoon, after I got off work, a friend and I came down to Babylon to the home of his aunt, to put in a day's shooting on the bay."

Dick then told all about the movements of himself and Bob till they floated ashore on the island against their inclinations. Penley listened with his eyes half shut and resting on the boy's face.

"You came on shore close to this creek, eh?"

"No, sir. We landed on the other side of the island. The boat is there now, and so is my friend."

"How came you to be over here, and why did you board the yacht?"

"I thought a walk around the island would do me good after being all day in the boat, that's why I am over here. When I saw the yacht anchored in this cove, I wondered what craft it was. My curiosity induced me to crawl out on the hawser. I was trying to read the name on the stern when that man who brought me in here suddenly grabbed me by the collar, as though I were a sneak thief, and pulled me on board. It's his fault that I am on this vessel."

"So that's your story?"

"That's my story, sir."

"Why were you so curious to learn the name of this vessel?"

"I thought I'd like to know it."

"You didn't expect to meet me on board, eh?"

"Why, no. Do you own this yacht?"

"I have chartered her to cruise around the coast in for my health."

"She seems to be a fine boat, what little I've seen of her."

"She's fine enough for my purpose. You say you've been shooting all day on the bay?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you were unable to get back to the place you are stopping because of the calm?"

"That's right."

"You must be hungry."

"I admit that I am. We only had a cold breakfast before we started out, and we ate the lunch we carried with us at noon. It must be eight o'clock now, so it's not surprising if we are both hungry by this time. We'll consider it a favor if you'll treat us to a bite or two."

"I'll see that you have something to eat," said Penley, getting up. "Where did you leave your friend?"

"On the opposite shore of the island, watching the boat."

"What's his name?"

"Bob Skerritt."

"Is he a Wall Street messenger, too?"

"He is."

"I'll send a man after him. Make yourself at home."

Penley left the cabin by the passage door, which he closed after him. He returned in about ten minutes, followed by a swell-looking negro, who was employed on board as steward. He spread a tablecloth over one end of the cabin table and placed a knife, fork, spoons and other articles for two on it.

"We will have your friend on board shortly," said Penley.

He picked up his magazine and resumed reading. In the course of fifteen minutes a plate of cold mutton, bread and butter, a large slice of pie and a smoking cup of coffee was placed on the table. The repast made Dick's mouth water. Not till then did he realize how hungry he was.

"Sit up and eat," said Penley. "Your friend will be attended to when he arrives."

Dick did not need a second invitation, and was soon eating with the gusto of a hungry boy. He left his coffee till the last and then swallowed that almost at a draught.

"I'm much obliged to you, Mr. Penley," he said.

"Don't mention it," replied Penley, with a queer smile. "You're welcome."

"Have you any objection to my going on deck and watching for my friend?" asked Dick.

"Certainly not. Go, by all means, if you want to. There's the exit to the quarterdeck—the way you came in," answered Penley.

So Dick, who thought the cabin uncomfortably hot, though he had not remarked the fact when he first came in, walked out on to the yacht's quarterdeck and found the giant there, smoking his pipe.

"Well, young man, are you going ashore?" asked the man, with a wink not noticeable in the darkness.

"Not for a while yet. I'm waiting for my friend to come on board and get something to eat," replied Dick. "He ought to be here by this time."

"So you've been a-shooting, eh?" said the giant.

"We have."

"What did you get?"

"We got two bags full of game, and enough more to fill a small basket."

"You did well. How do you expect to get to the main shore to-night, when there isn't any wind?"

"Give it up. We'll have to stay here till the wind springs up."

"Maybe the skipper'll offer you and your friend a bunk. There's plenty room in the cabin."

"We can sleep aboard the sailboat on the two lockers. Then we'll be ready to sail the moment the wind comes on."

"What's the difference if you don't get back to-night?"

"We've got to be at our offices by nine in the morning, so we must reach the Babylon station in time to catch the first train at seven."

The giant made no reply, and Dick leaned over the rail and looked shoreward. A strange, dizzy feeling began to steal over him. He hastily stood up and tried to shake it off. He looked at the giant, smoking serenely near the wheel, and that individual seemed to grow and expand like a balloon filling with gas.

"What in thunder is the matter with me?" he muttered.

He started to walk toward the cabin door and staggered like a drunken boy. Before he could reach it he collapsed on the deck and all became a blank.

CHAPTER XIII.—The Mad Broker.

When Dick recovered his senses he found himself on the locker of the sailboat, which was moving through the water. He sat up in some wonderment and looked out of the door. Bob was seated at the helm, steering the boat. Dick got on his feet and found himself all right. Whatever had been the matter with him, it had passed off and left no bad effect behind. He walked to the door.

"See here, Bob, how came I aboard this boat?"

"You walked aboard, I suppose. Were you so sleepy that you don't remember how you got back from that tramp of yours? I thought you'd never turn up. I figured that you must have struck a house and stayed there to eat, leaving me in the lurch. I thought that was pretty rough on your part, so in about an hour I started after you. I went all around the island, but I didn't see any sign of you. When I got back I found you asleep on that bunk."

"Is that a fact?"

"Of course it's a fact. Four hours later the breeze came on and I set sail. We're almost up to the landing now."

Dick was quite bewildered.

"You say you went all around the island after me?"

"I did."

"Along the shore?"

"Yes."

"Then you saw the yacht in the cove?"

"What yacht? I didn't see any."

"You must have seen her. I was aboard of her."

"You were aboard of a yacht? I guess you're

dreaming. There wasn't any yacht near the island. If there had been, I'd have seen her."

"But I tell you she was in the cove," persisted Dick.

"I admit there's a cove on the other side of the island, for I had to walk around it; but there wasn't any yacht there, nor anywhere else."

Dick was staggered.

"Look here, Bob, don't pretend that you didn't see a steam yacht lying in the cove. She was there all right, for I was aboard her."

"Go back and sleep it off. You dreamed you were aboard a yacht."

"There wasn't any dream about it. I was treated to supper on her."

Bob laughed in the most unbelieving way.

"I wish I'd dreamed I had supper. I'm that hungry I could chew a pound of spikes."

Dick began to get angry. He insisted that his story was true, and recited certain features of it. He couldn't convince Bob, who had actually been around the island, as he said, and had seen nothing that resembled a yacht or boat of any kind. Finally Dick began to wonder whether he hadn't dreamed the whole thing, after all, though it was true that he couldn't account for coming aboard the sailboat and lying down on the locker. While he was thinking the matter over Bob ran the sailboat up to wharf and made fast.

"Wake up," he said, "and help me carry the game to the house. We've got half a mile to walk, and it's getting toward daylight."

So Dick, giving up the mystery of his visit to the yacht, shouldered his gun, the game-bag, and took hold of one handle of the basket containing the balance of their game. In this way they proceeded to Bob's aunt's home, with very little conversation, and pounded on the front door for admission. The man of the house came down and let them in.

"I thought you boys were going to return in time for supper? How far did you go that you have been away so long?"

"We went where I told you we were going, but when we started to return the wind dropped to a dead calm and we drifted two miles down the bay to an island, where we stopped until the wind come on, which didn't happen for a long time."

Nothing more was said. The boys were glad to turn in and get a few hours' sleep. They were called in time to eat a good breakfast and catch the early train for the city, with a big bundle of game each to take home. They had no time to go home, so they carried the game to their offices. Dick had thought a good deal about his experience on the yacht, and he was perfectly sure that it was no dream. He felt that he had been doped, carried around to the sailboat, and that the yacht had steamed away in the meanwhile to some new anchorage.

Of course, Mr. Harrup would hear about his visit to the yacht, and Dick wondered how he would construe it. It was getting close to the 15th of the month again, and he looked to see his boss go off his base once more. The young messenger was satisfied that the broker was aware of his infirmity and dreaded the coming of the 15th. Things went along all right that day in the office as far as Dick was concerned, at any rate.

Now that he was worth \$20,000, he determined

to leave Harrup's employ as soon as he had helped Mr. Putnam to escape and had, if possible, exposed the Secret Band of Wall Street. Dick expected that Penley would send a dispatch to Harrup and he hoped he might find the chance to learn what it contained. No dispatch came, however, as the week went by, and Dick wondered whether Penley considered the incident worth bringing to the attention of his employer. At last Saturday came around again. Dick watched his boss narrowly when he appeared about ten, but he seemed about as usual.

At twelve o'clock Harrup called Dick into his room and told him to go to the closet and get a book he mentioned. It was a roomy closet facing the broker's desk. He had to enter the closet and reach up on a shelf to get the book. Suddenly the door was slammed on him and locked, and he heard Harrup laugh in an unnatural kind of way.

"Stay in there, you young imp!" he heard the broker say, with another chuckle. "On the 15th of every month that is where you shall go; for you are the demon who torments me. You are the reincarnation of Jackson, whom I killed in Chicago on the 15th of the month, come back to haunt and torture me. I did not find you out till this morning, but now I know you and I shall fix you after this."

At that moment there was a knock on the door.

"Hello, Harrup! What's the matter with you?"

Dick bent down and looked through the keyhole. Harrup was standing near his desk, and facing him stood the dudish captain and Penley.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

"The members of our secret organization will meet here at one o'clock, Harrup," said Captain Gannon. "We have decided that we must come to a determination about Putnam. Penley declares that our man will never come to terms under the present arrangements, so some new scheme must be arranged to break down his opposition. We will consider that when the members arrive. Another thing: we have reason to suspect that messenger boy of yours. We have a strong idea that he put the police on to the yacht while she lay at Manhasset. Whether he did or not, we can't afford to take any chances with him, so you'll have to discharge him, or, what would be better, find him another position. If you can't do it, I will."

To this speech the broker said nothing. Dick would have pounded on the door to secure his release but for the fact of the meeting of the conspirators that was going to be held at one o'clock. The opportunity to find out the identity of the men composing the Secret Band of Wall Street and discover their plans relating to George Putnam was too important to be lost.

He was satisfied that, for the present at least, Mr. Harrup had forgotten he was in the closet. By one o'clock the office would be clear of the employees, and then the meeting would begin as soon as all the members had arrived. Soon after the cashier went out a well-known broker arrived. Dick, looking through the keyhole, recognized him

as Mr. Blake. Then Schuyler Wilson arrived, and after him came the other gentlemen to whom Dick had once carried notes from his boss. The visitors gathered in knots and conversed together. Penley and three of them stood near the closet and Dick learned that the yacht Black Prince was at that moment anchored in Newark Bay, opposite Perth Amboy, and Penley expected to stay there over Sunday. At length all were on hand and Captain Gannon announced that the meeting was called to order. The captain proceeded to state the object of the meeting, and then he called for a discussion of the subject.

Captain Gannon advocated the turning of the screws on Putnam.

"He's been treated with too much consideration, that is why we have failed to bring him to terms," he said. "It is high time that we adopted severe measures, for time is passing and we are going to get left on Northern Traction unless we can get Putnam's signature to the paper we want him to sign."

A short discussion followed, and then when the matter was put to vote, Gannon's plan was adopted. The captain then instructed Penley as to his line of action, and that individual took his departure.

"I think that's all," said Captain Gannon. "So, gentlemen, we will adjourn sine die."

At that moment Dick's foot slipped and struck the closet door.

"What's that?" cried the captain.

"The sound came from the closet," said Wilson.

"Can it be that a spy is concealed there? Gentlemen, put on your masks."

Those present drew masks from their pockets and assumed them. Then the captain walked to the closet door and turned the handle. He saw it was locked and he turned the key and threw the door open. Dick Rodney stood revealed.

"So it is you, eh?" cried Gannon. "My suspicions were correct when I laid the leak to your door. Seize, bind and gag him!"

Dick was instantly grabbed, a handkerchief tied across his mouth, and his arms bound behind his back.

"Now, then, gentlemen, how shall we dispose of him until Monday morning?" said the captain.

Then Harrup leaped to his feet, his eyes fairly ablaze with madness. He rushed over to the flat desk and raised the movable top, exposing an empty, boxlike enclosure.

"Into the desk with him!" cried the mad broker, lifting the cover to its full height.

Dick had no desire to be imprisoned in such contracted quarters till Monday morning, so he made a sudden dash for the door. The men started to head him off, when Harrup suddenly drew his revolver and, aiming it at his head, fired. He dropped dead on the floor before the startled eyes of his associates. Dick reached the door, but it was impossible for him to open it, so taking advantage of the confusion, he rushed over to Harrup's desk, knocked the receiver off the instrument and began calling: "Police! Send officers to Albert Harrup's office, No. — Wall street, at once!"

He judged that the girl at Central would understand that something unusual was up and would notify the nearest police station. Captain Gannon noticed his action too late to stop him.

"Young man, you seem to have won your point. What's your price for silence?"

"I have no price," replied Dick, as soon as the gag was removed, "but sooner than disgrace you gentlemen I will make terms with you."

"What are your terms, then?"

"I know nearly all of you, so you might just as well remove your masks. You are members of a combine known as the Secret Band of Wall Street, and your chief object is to acquire the control of Northern Traction, for which purpose you have abducted George Putnam, its president, and propose to turn the screws on him. Well, I have run you down, and my terms are these: Disband as a combine and you, Captain Gannon, give me an order on Mr. Penley for the release of George Putnam from the yacht. In return, I agree to keep everything secret, and I promise not to reveal your identity to Mr. Putnam. I will get the credit for his rescue, and, through his daughter, I will fix matters with him so that he will not force an investigation."

"Gentlemen, we must trust him, for the game is up. What do you say?"

All unanimously agreed and so the matter was arranged. Dick got his order and instantly departed, leaving the gentlemen to explain to the police on their arrival that the telephone call was made on account of Broker Harrup's suicide in a fit of temporary insanity, with which he had been periodically afflicted on the 15th of each month. The young messenger lost no time in getting to Perth Amboy. He hired a boatman to take him off to the yacht, and he was hailed by the giant.

"I have a message for Mr. Penley of the greatest importance," he said.

He was permitted to come aboard, and Penley was staggered when he saw the boy walk into the cabin.

"The game is up, Mr. Penley," said Dick. "Here is an order from Captain Gannon, instructing you to release Mr. Putnam. Mr. Harrup committed suicide thirty minutes after you left."

Penley read the note and, recognizing the captain's writing, he obeyed orders. The rich operator was brought into the cabin and informed by Dick, for Penley had retired to his stateroom to avoid identification, that he was free to return home.

"You will return to the shore in my boat, and on our way to the city I will tell you how I brought about your release and have broken up the Secret Band of Wall Street," said the young messenger.

The operator was astonished by his story, which began with his visit to 999 Blank street and ended with the suicide of the mad broker. They parted at the Brooklyn Bridge, Dick promising to dine with Mr. Putnam and his daughter next day.

Reader, my story is done. Nothing remains to be said except that Dick went into business for himself, under the wing of Mr. Putnam, and ultimately became a successful broker. Did Dick marry Nellie Putnam? He certainly did, for he won her fairly by saving her life, rescuing her father and putting to rout the Secret Band of Wall Street.

Next week's issue will contain "A SHARP BOY; or, MAKING HIS MARK IN BUSINESS."

CURRENT NEWS

STRENGTH OF FRENCH ARMY IN 1921.

The strength of the French army in 1921 is to be 38,374 officers and 696,000 men, according to official figures which have just been made public in Paris, reported in a press dispatch. It is explained that this does not include detached officers who are assigned to various missions nor certain auxiliaries, which add 25,000 to the total. The cost of the new establishment is given as 6,000,547,000 francs.

TON OF OPIUM SEIZED IN NORFOLK.

Nearly a ton of opium seized in Norfolk, Va., Nov. 30, by customs inspectors acting under direction of Norman R. Hamilton, collector of the port, is believed to constitute the largest single haul of the contraband ever effected in the history of the Norfolk custom house.

Fifteen Chinese members of the crew of the British steamer Elmer Heath, which came in yesterday, are held in jail under charges of smuggling.

LEATHER FROM RABBIT SKINS.

According to American Consul Norton of Sydney, Australia, a secret process, said to be unknown hitherto to the tannery trade, has been discovered by an Australian for making leather from rabbit skins and recovering the fur as a by-product in felt making. A company has been formed in Sydney to turn this discovery to practical use, having established works capable of handling about 100,000 skins a week. The leather has already been utilized in Sydney in the manufacture of boot and shoe uppers, handbags, gloves and other articles.

PREACHER'S NOSE BURNED.

Branding on the nose with a hot iron was charged as part of the initiation ceremony of the Iron Cross Lodge of the Grand United Order of Seven Royal Knights in a damage suit brought in the District Court, Camden, N. J., by the Rev. James R. White, pastor of Zion Methodist Episcopal Church.

The minister said that in addition to branding him on the nose, the knights laid him in a coffin, hoodwinked him and held the hot branding iron over his face. It was so hot, the minister said, that the knight holding it dropped it, burning part of the Rev. Mr. White's nose away. Judge Garfield Pancoast adjourned the case and summoned the members of the degree team who carried out the initiation. The Rev. Mr. White is suing for \$5,000 damages.

WHY IS YAWNING CATCHING?

The first and most urgent necessity in the lives of all of us is to breathe. A yawn is a very deep breath. It depends, as a rule, upon the fact that from one cause or another—it may be that we are bored, or it may be that we have some illness—our breathing has fallen below what is needed, and the yawn is an attempt to

make it up. Now, it is a very well-known fact that one human being can affect another by what is called suggestion. A boy sees another boy eating a chocolate and, of course, he wants chocolate; one person sees another person afraid, and then he becomes afraid; if everyone around us is laughing and happy, we begin to laugh and feel happy; or, if they are all feeling unhappy, we feel unhappy also. I believe that we can discover a great principle here. It is that suggestion is the more powerful the nearer the suggested thing is to the needs of life. That, for instance, is why the suggestion of fear is so powerful, as we see when a herd of animals takes fright and stampedes. And yawning is more powerfully conveyed by suggestion—infectious, as we say—than almost anything else we know of, because it happens to deal with the most urgent and constant need of all life, which is to breathe.—Book of Knowledge.

LOSS OF 500,000 HORSES IN EAST.

Advance census reports, like preliminary election returns are not infallible, yet they usually give a fair approximation of final results. The United States Bureau of Census has just made public preliminary figures covering the livestock census for the States of Delaware, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Vermont. These gave the number of horses and mules in 1910, and again in 1920, in both agricultural and non-agricultural service.

The 1910 figures revealed a total of 61,928 horses and mules in non-agricultural service in these four States, while in 1920 the same territory had but 37,417, a decrease of 24,511, or 39.2 per cent., in ten years in the number of horses not on farms.

If the figures for the other States disclose a corresponding situation as to horses in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware and the eight States east and north, where conditions respecting use and production are much the same, it will amount to 382,222 head—a very sizable reduction in the last ten years.

The decrease in farm horses in these eleven States is not nearly so great. The four States referred to, for which the preliminary census figures have been issued, show a decrease from 163,180 horses in 1910 to 19,717 in 1920, or a decrease of only 18,463 head. This is approximately 11 per cent. reduction in ten years. On this basis the entire eleven States will probably show a reduction of 204,308. The total loss in horses of both farms and cities in this area will probably run to 586,530 head.

The reduction indicates that an annual market for 60,000 horses has been destroyed and demands for hay and grain reduced by about \$88,000,000, figuring that each horse displaced consumed \$150 worth of feed a year, which is approximately correct. Farmers have lost in two markets—in horse saddles and in the sale of their hay and coarse grains.

Lost On Mt. Erebus

— OR —

A Boy Explorer At the South Pole .

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER XXII (Continued)

Rucker, after his recent discomfiture, made no further advances, but remained at a distance, except when summoned by the boy explorer to receive their scanty rations. Shouse came along with him.

"I've looked over my supplies for the first time since turning the sled over to our united parties," said Hawley gravely, almost sternly. "Madge and I supposed we would all share and share alike. She did not claim more than one part because she is only a girl. None of us four" (meaning all but Rucker and Shouse), "for an instant thought of thievery or foul play. It seems we were mistaken."

"Cut that out, kid," interrupted the mate gruffly. "Consider it said—your opinions, you know. It's life or death up here, and no quarter asked. Give me and my man what you allow. If we had a gun and a fair chance, we'd take it anyhow. So hand over, or keep it. Less talk and more or less eating. That's what I mean—see?"

"I understand what you mean all right. Short your rations will be, like the rest of us. But there'll be no more stealings."

With that he gave Rucker and the sailor two meager portions, which they swallowed almost at a gulp or two.

For two days the weary journey continued. The strength of the party was each hour declining, especially among those who now pulled the sled.

Gnawing pains and a growing sensation of emptiness about the stomach made Hawley, Carr and Joy either grimly silent or unreasonably contentious in small matters.

Madge, on the contrary, was serene as ever, and more than once put in a soft word, or a helping push or lift when the others were struggling against the constantly recurring difficulties of their route over the mountains, or down the glacier-like descents into the valleys.

Rucker and his companion hung always in the rear, except when some impulse would send them through a short cut amid the ice cliffs or rocks to the front.

Having fed better before the discovery of the thefts of food, they were really the strongest of the well-nigh exhausted explorers.

After one of their short "sleeps," they found that the mate and sailor had passed them in the night and were out of sight somewhere ahead.

Hawley, who slept on the sled and the scant remaining provisions, noticed that some one had been fumbling at the grub bag beneath.

"By mighty!" he exclaimed. "They've been trying to steal again."

CHAPTER XXIII

DRAWING NEARER THE OWL'S HEAD

"Did they get anything?" asked Joy quickly, at the same time locking to his rifle. "If they have, I swear I'll follow them up and plug lead into 'em both."

Madge, who was examining the bag, now looked up.

"Give me your gun, Joy," said she. "I'll spell you awhile. It's safer in my hands—see?"

The boatswain squirmed uneasily.

"Sure, Miss Madge, I was only blowin' off steam. I meant if they really got anything—I—"

"But they did not get anything," she interrupted, laughing. "Come, Joe," to Hawley, who was staring gloomily at the receding trail made by Rucker and Shouse. "You have not made your daily entries in your diary. Shall I do it for you?"

"No. You have more than enough in keeping us brutes of men in order. And you, too, suffering as much or more than we are!"

"Some one must keep things peaceable, Joe. We are most there—where our food lies. The worst is all behind us—"

"Not while Rucker and Shouse are ahead, I am afraid," muttered the doctor, who was strangely morose for him.

Hawley, after making his rough notes, mounted a rise and presently saw that the trail of Rucker and Shouse was veering in the wrong direction. Could they have mistaken the right way, or was it a possible ambushade, or what?

The sun came out of the haze at noon. Joe took a careful observation and made minute calculations, which he had the doctor and Madge verify when they stopped for another rest.

At the conclusion he asked Madge to look at the record locating the Owl's Head cliff, which he had placed in her boot lining. This she did after grumbling some at the trouble.

But when that record and the one they had just verified were compared, Dr. Carr was suddenly illumined with an idea that cheered him immensely. His announcement electrified Joy. Madge already grasped the situation. The doctor actually jumped up in the air.

"Whoopee!" he cried. "If you are right, Joe,

"Looks that way, don't it?" was Hawley's comment, while his eyes sparkled. "I was afraid to trust my memory altogether. For the last day or so my head seems queer."

A sudden suspicion came to Madge, and she threw one arm about Joe's shoulder, while her eyes glistened.

"Look here," said she. "I'm mad clear through, Joe Hawley. You've up and played a trick on me. Yes, he has, doctor."

"What do you mean, Madge?"

This from the doctor, while Hawley began to look foolish.

"Madge is growing batty," mumbled Joe, lamely enough, however.

(To Be Continued.)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES.

CUTS OFF HER OWN HAND.

Kathryn Judge, fifty years old, of 19 East Eighty-eighth street, New York, was taken to Bellevue Hospital for observation, after amputating her right hand with a carving knife.

BURGLARS STRIP HOME, GET \$10,000 IN LOOT.

Burglars broke into the home of Raphael Hurwitz, at 122 Cottage street, Mount Vernon, the other day, and stole jewelry, silverware, several fur overcoats and books valued in all at over \$10,000.

They gained entrance by jimmying one of the rear doors. Detectives found the house ransacked from top to bottom. A meat cleaver the burglars left behind was found on one of the dressers. Mr. and Mrs. Hurwitz are at Atlantic City.

NITRE COCKTAILS DRUNK BY HUB'S "BETTER CLASSES."

Nitre cocktails, as a substitute for the once popular Bronx, have come into favor since the advent of prohibition, says William S. Briry, director of registration in the State Department of Drug Control.

He said that the department had noticed a tremendous increase in the sale of sweet spirits of nitre and had found that the drug was being used as a substitute for liquor "among the better classes." He called attention to the danger of the practice, as the drug contains alcohol, sodium nitrate and sulphuric acid, a solvent of metals.

FLIES FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK IN FIVE HOURS, THIRTY-ONE MINUTES.

All records for flying between Chicago and New York were broken Dec. 3 by the Air Mail Service, said an announcement by the Postoffice Department. J. T. Cristensen, piloting single-motored De Haviland planes, made the distance of 742 miles in five hours and thirty-one minutes, actual flying time.

Cristensen left Chicago at 6:55 a. m. and flew to Cleveland, 319 miles, at the rate of 117 miles an hour. Changing planes at Cleveland, he made the flight to New York from there at an average speed of 151 miles an hour, arriving at 1:25 p. m.

UNNECESSARY TO CASH YOUR SAVINGS STAMPS.

Government thrift stamps and war savings stamps are good as gold. It is not necessary to cash them at the end of the year, whether the card or certificate on which they are pasted is filled out completely or not. Some owners have the wrong impression that if at the end of 1920 they have thrift cards or savings certificates which are not entirely filled out that they should be redeemed or they will cease to be valuable after January 1.

No matter whether you have one war savings stamp pasted on your savings certificate or twenty, which completely fill it, each stamp is

worth its full value and will be redeemed in full at its maturity value in 1925.

There is absolutely no reason for cashing a single war savings stamp before maturity unless you are forced by unavoidable necessity to do so. Each single stamp grows as constantly in value and at the same rate as the twenty stamps on a filled certificate. Each stamp will increase in value from month to month from the price you paid for it to \$5, the price at which the Government will redeem it at maturity, just as twenty stamps on a certificate will increase gradually until they are worth \$100 at maturity.

Thrift stamps are worth 25 cents each after January 1, just as they were this year. The Government will continue to sell these 25-cent securities and you can continue to fill out your cards and exchange the non-interest bearing thrift stamps for the savings stamps as before.

Government savings securities will continue to be issued in 1921, and it is entirely unnecessary to cash those you now hold or to abandon the habit of buying them regularly.

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THE GOLDEN CROSS MYSTERY.

By D. W. STEVENS..

Many years ago there lived near Manchester, England, a wealthy old gentleman named Julius Vernon. With him resided William Vernon, his brother's son, who was associated with him in business.

The old man, though now on the verge of three-score and ten years, was yet in the habit as he had been for nearly half a century, of riding into Manchester alone, once a year, to collect his rents. This business usually took two or three days for its transaction.

Being of a miserly disposition, he preferred to do the errand himself rather than pay an agent, however trifling the charge might be.

Will Vernon constantly upbraided the old man with the folly of the thing, telling him that it was not safe to go on such journeys alone, that he would certainly be robbed, and perhaps murdered; but it was of no use to remonstrate. Mr. Vernon could find no reason that was of sufficient importance to prevent him from pursuing the course which he had marked out for himself, and which he meant to follow as long as he could.

"I can do just as well as an agent," he said. "I've attended to this business for many years, and have not been molested yet."

Such were his parting words on the occasion of his last visit to Manchester. On this day his nephew felt more than unusually anxious and after fretting away two days of his uncle's absence, determined to take the road in the direction of town and meet him on his return. The old man always made his headquarters at the "Golden Cross"; he would transact his business in the daytime, and return at night to the inn. The fourth day he usually started to return home, and his nephew knew that on the evening of the third, if nothing should happen, he would meet him there.

The young man had prepared every detail requisite for the journey, when by a fortunate combination of circumstances I found myself in the outskirts of Manchester, where I had been sent by my superiors to look up a little affair that had caused a considerable amount of annoyance to the aristocracy in that neighborhood, and on the day in question, as I was driving by the home of the Vernons, was hailed by Will, whose father I had served in a matter when Will was quite young, and whom, consequently, I knew quite well.

He explained to me the condition of affairs, and confided to me his fears as to his uncle's safety. Deeming it prudent to lose no time, lest I should arrive on the scene too late, if Will's fears were all well founded, I determined to move in the matter immediately. I accordingly started, and arrive at the inn safely just as night was coming on. On entering I observed two rough-looking men seated at a side table partaking of bread and cheese and a pot of beer.

My first thought was to make inquiries of the innkeeper respecting Will's uncle then to see that my horse was properly cared for, as I had ridden rapidly.

"He left the inn early this morning," said the landlord, who knew me "saying that he had much business to transact during the day, but should be back shortly after sundown. He will be here soon, I think. But he is much too old to ride around the country in this fashion. It is not safe."

"I know that but it's of no use to reason with him," I answered. "He persists in having his own way, and will continue the practice as long as he is able to get about. I felt uneasy about him—that is why I am here to-night."

"Well, he is very foolish; that is all I can say," said the landlord, with an ominous shake of the head. "I suppose he will return through Ashdene road; that's as safe as any in these parts, I think."

The two men arose at this point of the conversation, and, after settling their score, quietly withdrew from the inn.

"Do you know those fellows?" I asked my host, when they had gone.

"No; they are strangers hereabouts," Boniface returned.

I said no more, but carelessly paced the room.

In silence I continued my walk. An hour might possibly have elapsed since the men had taken their departure, and the silvery moon had just sent her first ray of light into the darkness, when there suddenly came from without the sound of a horse's hoofs.

"That must be the old gentleman," exclaimed Wilson, opening the door and gazing out into the darkness. "But I never knew him to ride so before. He must be alarmed at something. Why, he is coming at a fearful pace."

The clatter of hoofs now grew louder and more distinct. I waited anxiously. Nearer and nearer still it came. In a moment the horse was visible; it approached. It was riderless.

Mr. Vernon had been murdered and robbed!

Great was the sensation caused by the mysterious murder of the old gentleman. He had disappeared from the face of the earth so suddenly that not the slightest clew was left to point to the manner of his taking off. The two men I had seen in the Golden Cross had vanished and left no trace behind. A murder might even have been questioned had it not been for the copious amount of blood found on the saddle of Mr. Vernon's horse, together with the fact that he had in his possession a large sum of money.

* * * * *

Ten years passed, and the tragedy was well-nigh forgotten. During that lapse of time, however, I had made it a point to stop at the "Golden Cross" whenever I should find myself in that part of the country, and many a time was the topic of the Vernon murder discussed and speculated upon by the good host and myself far into the night.

On the occasion of which I am about to write, I had just arrived at the inn on a usual visit. The landlord was standing at his door when I drove up, and he gave me a cordial greeting.

"I've been thinking about you all day, Mr. ——" he said. "It is just ten years ago to-night since poor old Mr. Vernon was murdered."

"Yes," I replied, "I remember it well; and,

hark ye, Wilson, I shall never rest satisfied till his murderers are brought to punishment."

"Well, sir, they say murder will out, but I don't know whether that means that the doers of it won't escape—like these fellows seem to have done."

As we talked in this strain, we observed a middle-aged man approaching from an opposite direction. He was dressed shabbily, and looked pale and ill; there was a restless look about his eyes which could be noticed at a glance by the most casual observer. He accosted the innkeeper, and desired to know if he could be accommodated with a room, as he intended to remain in the neighborhood a few days.

"Certainly, sir," said mine host. "Here, Boots, show this party to a room."

With a nod the man shuffled away. I had been regarding him intently and felt sure that I had seen his face before, but where I could not at first remember. Suddenly came light, and my whole frame trembled.

"What's the matter, sir?" asked Wilson. "Are you ill?"

"Oh, no," I answered. "But I have an odd request to make. Can you arrange it so that I can have the room next to this stranger?"

"It is rather a strange fancy," replied the landlord, curiously, "but I think I can accommodate you."

The stranger did not put in an appearance again below stairs, but ordered supper to be served in his own room. I felt disappointed, for I had intended to watch this man closely, although I did not wish to awaken his suspicions.

I felt uneasy, and when at an early hour I went to my chamber, it was with no inclination to sleep. I lay on the outside of the bed and listened intently for the faintest sound in the adjoining apartment, but everything was silent in that direction. There were sounds of life below for an hour or so longer, then all was still in the house.

It was getting on toward midnight when I heard a movement in the stranger's room.

I arose softly, and listened with suspended breath. In a moment I heard a latch lifted, and then a door was cautiously opened; a man crept along the passage, stealthily descended the stairs, opened the outside door and passed out. This was all done so quietly that no one but a listener would have detected it.

The instant the door was closed I sprang to a window which overlooked the yard. It was a clear, moonlit night, and everything about the premises was plainly discernible from where I stood.

In a moment the man had passed by the corner of the house and was fully revealed by the light from the moon; he looked anxiously toward the house, as if to satisfy himself that no one was astir, then walked to one of the outbuildings, soon reappearing with a spade over his shoulder, and walked in the direction of the Ashdene road.

I had watched his movements narrowly; now the time for action had arrived.

I crept downstairs, carrying my boots, which I speedily drew on in the open air. I then started off in pursuit of the stranger, keeping as much in the shadow as possible.

Occasionally the man paused and looked around him, as though he suspected some one was dogging his steps; then, as if reassured, he moved stealthily on again.

In this way we walked for over a mile. Suddenly the man turned to the left, and, walking a little distance, paused beside a clump of bushes.

The next moment he had driven the spade in the ground; he threw up a few shovelfuls of earth, his attitude one of extreme nervousness, after which he stooped, picked up something, and held it toward the moonlight.

It was a small box, and I knew by the dull, clinking sound that it contained money. Feeling satisfied upon that point, I hurried back to the inn, where I arrived fifteen minutes before the stranger.

I watched the fellow on his return, saw him replace the spade in the shed, heard him ascend the stairs, and enter his room. Soon all was silent. I listened a while longer, then, feeling satisfied that the man was asleep, groped my way to the landlord's room, and requested him to get up immediately.

In a few moments Wilson appeared, rubbing his eyes.

"Hush!" cried I, as he was about to speak. "Be cautious! As I stand before you a living man, I have found old Mr. Vernon's murderer to-night."

"Who—who is it?" he at last managed to stammer out.

"Why, the stranger," replied I.

Ten minutes after I was on the road. My first care was to procure a warrant for the stranger's arrest, and then, in company with two of the police, I started back to the Golden Cross inn.

It was daylight when we drove into the yard, and the stranger was just coming down the steps. His face crimsoned upon perceiving us, then grew deadly pale.

On a signal from me he was taken at once into custody, and conveyed to prison, where he underwent an examination before the magistrate, who committed him for trial at the next assizes. During the time between the examination and trial, Martin Blake, for such was the stranger's name, continued indifferent to all persuasions to confess his crime.

The testimony of the innkeeper and postboy tended in no way to cause him alarm, but when I was called and stated, as is customary with members of our profession, in a calm clear voice, that I had recognized the prisoner on the night of his arrival at the "Golden Cross" as one of the men I had seen at the inn on the very night Julian Vernon was murdered, he began to show some signs of alarm, and when I stated further that I had watched his movements and afterward followed him to the place where the box was concealed, Blake's guilt and terror became so manifest as to convince people of his guilt; they could have no doubt now of his participation in the crime.

Suffice it to say that the jury, after a brief deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty, and Blake was sentenced to be hanged on the very spot where he had buried a small portion of the stolen money, the attempted recovery of which had caused his arrest and conviction.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1920.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

REFUGE FOR QUAIL.

The farm of J. H. Driscoll, Jr., near Columbia, O., is a refuge for quail. The birds stay on the Driscoll farm the year around and follow the plough with their protector like tame pets. During the open season hunters are warned not to bother the birds in their sanctuary.

YEARLING WOLF KILLED.

A year old wolf, measuring three feet from tip to tip, was killed in Duluth recently five blocks from the city hall. Anton Wilkmann collected a \$15 bounty from the county auditor's office after killing the animal with a pike pole. The wolf is believed to have made its way into the city along the lake shore.

RUSH FOR LEGENDARY GOLD.

Revival of a legend that in the War of 1812 a large quantity of gold coin was buried under what is now Victoria Lawn Cemetery, a new annex to St. Catharine, Ont., which is to be cleaned up for building, has started a stampede of "laborers" for the cleanup job. However, up to to-day no gold has been found.

According to the legend a British paymaster buried the gold there, and, being suddenly called to meet an attack of Americans on the border, carved his initials on a tree to mark the place. He is said to have been killed in the battle.

CABLE TRAMWAY IN SOUTH AMERICA.

A forty-five mile aerial cable tramway being constructed in Colombia, South America, is reported to be half completed at this writing. It starts at Mariquita, at an elevation of 1,500 feet, crosses a 12,000-foot summit and descends to Manizales, which is at an elevation of 6,700 feet. The cableway is supported on 437 steel towers, of which 8 are over 130 feet high. The longest span is 3,168 feet. The track cable is 25-8-inch wire rope running on 24-inch sheaves. The carriers take normal loads of 670 pounds, traveling at 400 feet per minute. Steam driving plants will be employed as motive power, arranged in 30-horsepower units and distributed among twenty stations. Twenty-one miles of this cable tramway have been in operation since 1916.

SHIVERED IN ICEBOX

Four young men held up Frank Ruoff, a butcher, and William Hempel, a grocer, in their store at the corner of Creed avenue and Hempstead road, Queens, L. I., the other Saturday night and imprisoned the two with W. L. Van Wart, who was in the store, in the icebox.

The three estimated the time spent in the cold interior as well over half an hour, and they emerged stiff and numb, but otherwise, unharmed, by their chilly experience.

Van Wart, who owns a dry goods store nearby, was talking to Hempel, and Ruoff was in the back of the store, when the men entered. They pointed revolvers at the two, and when Ruoff came in to see if they were customers they covered him too and backed the three into the icebox while they went through the cash registers. From Hempel's they took \$100 and from Ruoff's only \$5, overlooking \$300 in an envelope. They did not search the men, and thus missed about \$600 which Van Wart carried.

Before leaving, one of the men fired two shots through the glass window of the icebox, which so frightened the three inside that they did not come out for half an hour. The only description they were able to give was that the men were young and well dressed.

LAUGHS

A literary woman—Is Mrs. Brown a literary woman? "Decidedly. She makes most beautiful pen-wipers."

Sensible to the last, the dying cobbler folded his hands and murmured: "It's awl up! I'm pegging out!"

How he measured him—"Isn't your boy very tall for his age?" "Isn't he! You just ought to try to get him into a place on a half-fare ticket."

Young Housewife—"Can't you make that serial story in your journal go on a little longer? Our cook is reading it, and I think she will stay as long as it continues."

Lady customer—Are you sure this is real Ceylon tea? Well-informed young salesman—Certainly, madam. Mr. Ceylon's name in on every package.

Briggs—My doctor has ordered me to eat as little as possible for a week. Griggs—Is that so? Come around to my boarding-house and take Thanksgiving dinner with me.

"Say, pop, what does the letters D. C. mean, dat dey always puts after Washington?" "Dey means daddy of his country, yo' fool chile, yo'! Why doan' yo' read yo' hist'ry?"

Officer—How is this, Murphy? The sergeant complains that you call him names. Private Murphy—Plaze, surr, I never called him ony names at all. All I said was, "Sergeant," says I, "some of us ought to be in a menagerie."

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

NEW DISCOVERIES IN ASCALON.

The Palestine Department of Antiquities, which has charge of the exploration work being carried out in the city of Ascalon, announces the discovery of some huge marble pillars and statues, says a despatch from Jerusalem.

The department has also unearthed some medieval and fourth century churches and mosaic pavements at the foot of the Mount of Olives, leading into the Garden of Gethsemane.

TO SPEND LIVES ON ISLAND.

A party of forty enthusiastic adventurers headed by F. F. Rhodes Disher, fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, have decided to spend the rest of their lives on a tropical island away from excessive taxation. They intend to leave for the South Seas in a schooner yacht, the Medora.

"More than 1,000 persons have asked to come with us," said Mr. Disher. "Our first party includes doctors, solicitors, planters, ex-officers, surveyors, engineers, a wireless operator and a clergyman. Several of the party are taking their wives and families with them. Until we have secured an island or a portion of one and fitted it up temporarily we shall live in our vessel. One strict rule is that the colony shall have no politics," Mr. Disher added.

TRAVELING SAND DUNES

As one makes the ascent of the Andes from the Pacific port of Molendo, Peru, following the line of the Southern of Peru Railway, the climb to the divide is broken by two great steps or widespread shelves of desert or pampa.

On the first of these steps, about two hours' steep climb from the sea, and at an altitude of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet, are located the famous drifting sand hills of Peru. The plateau is here about 20 miles wide, the air thin and dry and no trace of vegetation to be seen—only these gigantic crescent-shaped sand dunes dotting the pampa as far as the eye can see. Composed of fine, gray crystal sand, they gleam white against the brown of the desert, and their horns point toward the prevailing south wind of this region. They are from 15 to 25, or even 30, feet high, 20 feet in breadth across the thick part of the crescent and sometimes 100 feet from horn to horn. So tightly is the sand packed that the feet of the horses or mules make little impression on it.

These sand hills, called mendanos (pronounced ma-dan-yos—possibly a Latinized form of dunes), travel with almost imperceptible slowness, writes G. E. McDonald in the Scientific American. When they threaten the railway track they can sometimes be diverted by piling up blocks of stone in their paths. Otherwise the railway bed has to be altered to go around them. An analysis of the soil of this region shows that it would be very fertile if irrigated.

MAN HAVING BEEN IN THIRTY JAILS GETS WEALTH.

Robert W. Patton's penchant for jails has

brought him luck. He probably will share half of a \$60,444 estate, according to relatives who found him through a published interview which he gave to a reporter when he sought winter lodging at a local jail in Concordia, Kan.

Patton had been arrested for vagrancy and told officers he had served in thirty jails so far this year. He expressed the hope of bettering his record before the end of the year.

Then Patton's sister at Seward, Neb., who had not heard from him for eight years, read of his longing for jail life and hastened here with the attorney. County officials here were not hospitable, however, and refused to board Patton. As a result he continued his quest for a nice warm jail for the winter season and went to Chester, Neb., where he was accommodated. Patton was located by his sister there to-day. He will be taken to Lincoln where the estate will be divided.

The attorney told officials here that the will provided that Patton must appear before January 1, 1921, or forfeit his rights to the estate.

FISH THAT SHOOT THEIR PREY

One of the most curious groups of tropical fishes, says the Scientific Monthly, consists of the Toxotes or "archers." There are four species known which inhabit Polynesia and the East Indian Archipelago. The Archer Sagittarius is found from the Dutch East Indies as far as the northern shores of Australia. The body is yellowish or olive brown in color with large rounded or oblong spots or with vertical black bands. The eye is a brilliant pink and the belly a silvery white. The best known species is the Sagittarius on Toxotes jaculator. This fish has a singular habit of "shooting," its prey, which consists of the various small insects which frequent aquatic plants or the grass and weeds along the edge of the water, that is it launched at them with wonderful accuracy and aim a tiny jet of water. It is said to be able to project these quid bullets to a distance of three feet or more and nearly always hit the mark. The Malays call it the spitting fish. In many countries, says Brehm, it is made a domestic pet by the inhabitants, who keep it in their houses and furnish it with various flies and bugs for the pleasure of observing its marvellous marksmanship. In Java it is kept in basins over whose surface a small stick extends at a height of about 0.40 meters above the surface of the water. Wooden corks are strung on this stick and insects placed thereon. When the fish catches sight of the hoped-for victim it rises to the surface of the water, remains motionless for a few minutes, and then squirts several drops of water at its prey.

PERSONAL

GUS—Christmas is nearing, and it's more than a year since you left home. Ellen is sick and is always asking for you. For her sake and your sister's sake, make this Christmas a bright and happy one by either returning home, or write her a letter stating where she could see you.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

GREAT CARIBOU HERDS IN YUKON REGION.

Late arrivals from the Yukon report that the wandering herds of caribou are appearing in immense numbers on the banks of that river. They declare there are millions of the animals. Two men who tried to get down the river just at the time of the first ice were held up for three hours by a multitude of caribou that was crossing the river below them, and they walked across on the backs of the animals. How long the migration had been going on when they stopped they did not know. The stream of animals blackened the waters on a space a half mile wide and continued uninterrupted during the period the men were held up.

NOTIFIED HIS BODY IS ON WAY HOME

Although Lieut. John C. Gramstorff, a Yankee Division veteran, has notified the War Department several times that he is not dead, he received a telegram the other day at his home in Everett, Mass., announcing that his body is now on its way home from France. The telegram came from Government officials who have been told repeatedly that the Lieutenant is not dead. The officials also have held back money due the Lieutenant, apparently unwilling to believe he is alive.

Lieut. Gramstorff is at a loss to know what to do with the body, which undoubtedly is that of a wrongly identified soldier.

PIG ON THE RAMPAGE.

Expressing a genuine peevishness at being crated and packed in an express car instead of being housed in a regulation stock car, a large hog was responsible for much excitement and more delay when it went on a rampage in the express car shortly after the train had left Garrettson, S. D.

Shattering its crate, the huge porker chased the expressman to cover. The train was stopped and passengers and train crew together, after considerable effort, coaxed the curly tailed grunter back into its badly jammed crate.

The train was again started. Again longing for its less stately but more comfortable berth in the stock car, the porker was quiet for a short time only, and stop number two was made by the train and the train crew and passengers summoned for the second time when the animal demolished the crate again. After the express matter in the car had been turned topsy turvy and the confusion made general, the restless swine was trapped into a more secure crate and forced to submit to imprisonment during the remainder of the trip.

SENTENCED FOR USING DRUGS.

Almost too weak to stand, Irene Haggerty, twenty-five years old, who gave her address as 520 West 139th street, was sentenced by Magistrate Max Levine in the West Side Court the other day to three months in the workhouse on

a charge of addiction to drugs. The sentence was imposed to give the girl, who was in a serious condition, an opportunity to cure herself of the drug habit.

Miss Haggerty, who is very pretty, in spite of the marks left on her face by drug addiction, staggered into the West Thirty-seventh Street police station and begged Sergeant William Keeling to send her to a hospital. Dr. Brufee, of the New York Hospital, who responded to an ambulance call, said that the girl was in need of narcotics and in a serious condition. He advised her arrest.

The girl told Magistrate Levine that an Italian she had known nine years ago had taught her the drug habit, and that she had been using cocaine and other narcotics for eight years.

EXPEDITION HUNTS BONES OF REPTILES OF PREHISTORIC AGE.

Another expedition to look for the bones of great prehistoric reptiles in the Red River Valley of Alberta is on its way. This time it is under the direction of Dr. W. A. Parks, of the University of Toronto and the Royal Ontario Museum.

For a number of years these expeditions have been an annual summer journey for three months. Two years ago the almost perfect specimen of the kritosaurus incurvimanus, which has just been finally chipped free from the rock and presented to the museum, was found, making a distinct addition to the records of science, and giving to Toronto the only specimen of the species yet discovered.

Three incomplete skeletons of the kritosaurus and a great horned head of a brontosaurus, four feet six inches in length, were found by the professor, but have not yet been carved from the rock. It is the hope of Professor Parks to collect ultimately for the Royal Ontario Museum one of the finest exhibits of dinosaur in existence.

The locality and the method of finding the specimens are described by Professor Parks. "The river cuts right through the flat prairie to a depth of four hundred feet, forming a whole lot of broken buttes, and it is among these that the bones are discovered. One of the difficulties in obtaining complete specimens is that the bones cannot be obtained until they are partly exposed by the action of natural deroding causes. Sometimes you are disappointed then, for after exploring you may find only a single bone. You dig down as close as you can and pack the rock in plaster of paris for shipment."

The Red River Valley three million years ago was near the coast of a great inland sea that stretched from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. "The sand along the shallow, brackish shores of this great body of water formed a splendid preservative for these huge reptiles which inhabited the world at that time. Our kritosaurus was found in what we call the Bolly River formation of the Upper Cretaceous system," explains Professor Parks.

BUDDHIST TREASURES SHOWN

Daigoji, the head temple of the One school of the Shingon sect of Buddhism in Japan, situated not far from Kyoto, in the Uji district, suggests by its name its relation to Emperor Daigo, who reigned from 898 to 920. Its name originated from the fact that its founder, Abbot Shoho, came to this village and exclaimed after he drank from an old farmer's spring: "The water was as good as daigo!" It is a Buddhist word meaning an unctuous rich liquor. The posthumous title of the emperor must have originated from his devotion to the temple and its founder, as well as from his burial in the temple grounds.

Rare specimens of Buddhist art and literature, carefully preserved as the temple treasures of Daigoji, and exhibited recently at Tokio through the efforts of Dr. Katsumi Koroita, of the editorial staff of historiographical materials in Tokio Imperial University, bring the story of the temple down to 300 years ago. Among the peculiar paintings in the temple are "flower viewing screens," pictures of horse training and a collection of fan paintings said to be rare treasures.

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No, the atmosphere surrounding the earth moves right along with the earth on its axis. If it were not so, the earth would probably burn up—at least no living thing could remain on it—since the friction of the earth would develop such a heat that nothing could live in it.—The Book of Wonders.

BOY TREED BY BEAR

Robert Collins, 15 years old, lives in the village of Hilliard, Ky. He has been in the habit of going out into the woods hunting for small game. The other day he was looking for squirrels and he went around the top of a hill about three miles from town. There he met a big black bear.

Robert had always heard of shooting a bear behind the left foreleg so as to get to the heart, so he fired in that direction. But the bear charged and the boy had to run quite a distance. At last he came to a small tree, the bear close on his trail. Robert climbed the tree and fired his three remaining shells at the bear. He succeeded in wounding the big animal, but could not tell how seriously, as the bear remained close to the tree and showed no inclination of dying.

Robert stayed up in the tree all night. He was found early the next morning by searchers. The bear was still there, but nearly dead from loss of blood. The boy says he will wait a couple of years before going where he is likely to encounter another bear, but the people of Hilliard say he made his escape as well as most men would have done.

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